HUNDREDS OF PHOTOGRAPHS!

Silver Screen

October

10c

Jeanette MacDonald

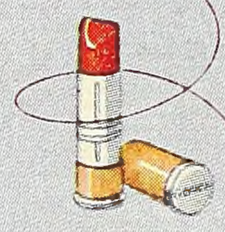
THE HATEFUL PART OF HOLLYWOOD

AROUND THE WORLD

IT WINDS ITS WAY

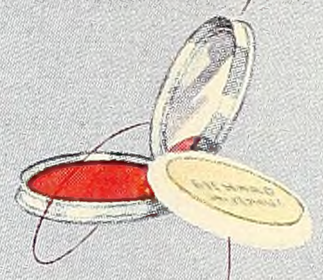
this single thread of fragrance Gemey

LUXURY FACE POWDER, silken-soft. Eight alluring tones ... in fragrance Gemey. $1



LIPSTICKS, cream-blended in colors that invite adventure. ...in fragrance Gemey. 75¢

FOR A BECOMING BLUSH... Tablet Rouge in fragrance Gemey. 8 glamour-tones. 75¢



FINE-SPUN BATH POWDER, blessed with the enchantment of fragrance Gemey. $1

FRAGRANT LIQUID FACIAL, Cleanses, protects. Cucumber Lotion in fragrance Gemey. $1

THE TAJ MAHAL

"Bahut Acha"...irresistible...they say in the Far East of that world-loved fragrance Gemey!

PERFUME PREFERRED the world around ... fragrance Gemey. In crystal-clear flacons ... $2.50, $4.50, $15.

Drift on the moonlit waters of the dusky Grand Canal. Dance in the blue-bathed beauty of a Mediterranean night. Seek romance and youth and laughter anywhere in far places. And there...gay and fresh and charming...you'll find fragrance Gemey.

For fragrance Gemey is known, adored, this romantic world around. In Paris or Peiping, in Nassau or Nice, it's the lovely woman's prelude to intimate evenings-for-two or the season's most formal moments.

Around the world it winds *your* way. Now in America at your own perfume counter, see the glamour ensemble...*everything* you need for perfect grooming, from face lotion to lipstick...all in that single thread of fragrance Gemey.

by

RICHARD HUDNUT

New York Paris

London...Toronto...Buenos Aires...Mexico City...Berlin...Budapest...Capetown...Sydney...Shanghai...Rio de Janeiro...Havana...Bucharest...Vienna...Amsterdam

Fortune's Favorite

She evades close-ups...Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm . . . She ignored the warning of "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"SURELY," you say, "surely the world's at this girl's feet!" Blessed with beauty and dowered with grace—life seems to have given her its best.

But there is a thief that robs her loveliness, that steals away her charm. That thief is *her dull, dingy* and *unattractive smile.* Tragic? Yes, but that's the price she pays for neglect—*a penalty she could have avoided.*

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

Play safe—don't risk an attractive smile—don't pay the penalties of tender gums and dull and dingy teeth! When you see that telltale warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist immediately*—let him advise you.

While there may be nothing seriously wrong, don't take chances—let your dentist decide. Often, however, he will explain your condition as a "simple case of sensitive gums—gums that are the victims of our modern menus—gums robbed of work by today's soft and creamy foods." And his advice will probably be "more work and resistance for lazy gums" and, often, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help the gums as well as keep teeth clean and sparkling. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums. Gums become firmer—your teeth brighter, more lustrous.

Millions of people already have adopted the Ipana Tooth Paste and massage dental health routine. It's one simple, easy way of helping to prevent dental disorders—and with your gums more vigorous and healthy, your teeth sparkling and bright—you never need be ashamed of your smile!

• • •

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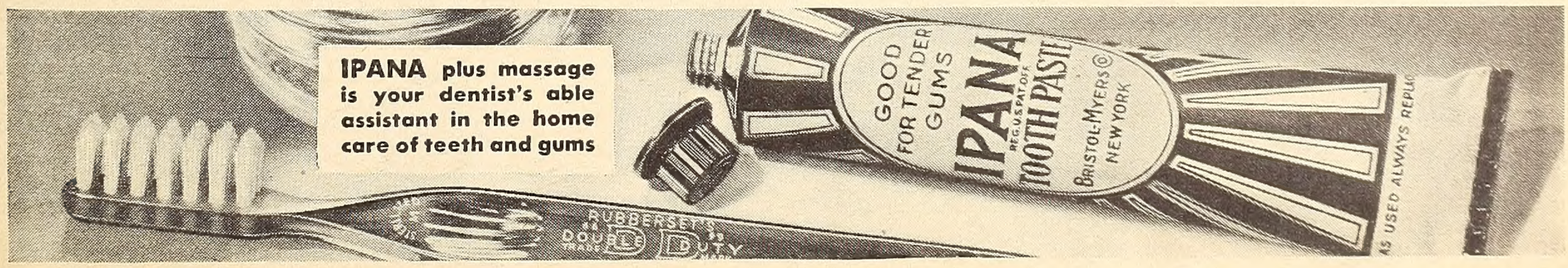

Joan
CRAWFORD
Franchot TONE * Robert YOUNG
She was a cabaret singer...Luck brought her a chance to go to a mountain resort for a month, posing as a society belle. Two youths fell in love with her! Wait till you see this exciting story on the screen... with Joan looking like a million dollars in the kind of glamorous production that only M-G-M makes!
The BRIDE WORE RED
with BILLIE BURKE
REGINALD OWEN
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Screen Play by Tess Slesinger and Bradbury Foote
Directed by Dorothy Arzner
Produced by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ

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OCTOBER, 1937

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Silver Screen

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

The Opening Chorus

A LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR BOSS:

You'd never guess what Hollywood is doing these late summer nights (early fall nights to you) to entertain itself! Watching 'em make pictures. There now, I knew I could surprise you. A postman's holiday no less. But it's always cool after dark on the back lots, and the lights are awfully pretty, and there's kind of a carnival spirit about the whole thing. Hollywood stars have suddenly become bored with night clubs and bars and gossiping (nobody ever does anything now worth gossiping about) and have decided that the most fun can be had by dashing out to the nearest night location and watching other stars make pictures. Really, it has become the smart thing to do. Soon we'll start dressing for it.

As soon as it was bruited about that Irene Dunne would ride a motorcycle in an evening gown at Columbia's ranch, half a dozen stars choked down their souffles, wrapped their silver fox about them, and drove out to the Valley to see the always calm and poised Irene astride a motorcycle.

Well, anyway, it was almost Irene's finish, for while her movie star friends guzzled hot dogs and coco cola and gaped like tourists the motorbike snorted and cavorted and succeeded in throwing Irene, high heels, fringe and little bows, all of three times. Yes, when it comes to mastering a motorcycle, Irene is a sissy.

Another set that drew a social gathering the other evening was the Paris set of "Tovarich," which covers several acres of Warners' back lot. Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer were dancing in the streets, along with hundreds of extras, in celebration of Bastile Day. The set is so authentic that Claudette and Charles Boyer, both Parisian born, could hardly resist sitting down in one of the little sidewalk cafes and ordering dubonnet. Among the gapers were Miriam Hopkins whose romance with Anatole Litvak, the director, still goes on despite rumors to the contrary, and Pat Paterson, the Basil Rathbones, Sophie Tucker, and Freddie Bartholomew, who, ever since his superb performance in "Captains Courageous," has become my favorite movie star, but don't tell Mr. Gable. Always the fickle one, that's me.

The Lang-Orsatti split-up followed so closely on the wedding that a lot of the Hollywood stars who were busy working, or who are slow about such things, didn't get their wedding presents ordered in time to arrive before the divorce plans. Sonja Henie, who had been away on location at the time of the nuptials, was in a swanky Wilshire Boulevard shop discussing monograms for some silver she had bought June when someone came in the shop with the newspaper announcing that June and Vic had separated. Sonja took one last sad look at the silver and said to the clerk, "Skeep eet."

There are those who believe Marlene said it, and there are those who don't. Anyway, they are telling it around Hollywood that before Marlene left for Europe the studio publicity department asked her to give an interview to a very important writer who was vacationing here. "I'll give the interview on one condition," said Marlene. "Please warn him how beautiful I am so he won't keep staring at me." Well, your guess is as good as mine.

Liza

The Studios Are Always Buzzing With Rumors Concerning Pictures In Work. S. R. Mook Looks On And Listens In.

PICTURES ON THE FIRE

COMES another month and off we go on the merry go round. The first stop is—

Columbia

THERE are three big pictures shooting over here this month but I enter the studio with a feeling of dejection. Fanmag Fanya won't be there. But when I reach the publicity offices my spirits rise. In her stead is a beautiful blonde whom I used to know at Paramount. Her name is Marge Decker. "Hello, beautiful," she greets me.

I wonder in vague alarm if Marge is talking to herself or if she's getting funny with me. But, anyhow, she gives me a resounding kiss of welcome so I don't bother much.

"Come along," she says and out we go. "We might as well face 'The Awful Truth.'"

I wonder uncomfortably what she's going to tell me—"for my own good," of course, but it turns out "The Awful Truth" is the name of a picture they're making that stars Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. Then I remember Ina Claire starred in this years ago on the stage.

When we arrive on the stage the set is a courtroom. The pair have just been granted a divorce by the judge.

"There is still a matter unsettled, your honor," the lawyer interposes before the judge dismisses the case. "It's a matter of Mr. Smith."

"Mr. Smith?" the judge queries in a puzzled voice.

"Yes, your honor. Their dog."

"Mr. Smith is *my* dog," Cary puts in indignantly.

"Silence!" the judge (Paul Stanton) rasps. "The property settlement has already been arranged to the satisfaction of the court."

"But Mr. Smith belongs to me and—she's got him," Cary protests, pointing to Irene.

"I told you to keep quiet," Stanton roars.

"Oh, just ignore him, your honor," Irene beams. "I told you he was impossible to get along with." Cary gives her a savage scowl and she calls the judge's attention to it. "See what I mean?" she says.

"Well," the judge sighs, speaking to the lawyer, "get along with the matter."

"The animal is at present in Mrs. Warriner's possession," the lawyer explains. "It was he whom you ordered from the courtroom at the beginning of the trial. Mr. Warriner wishes to have him because—"

"Because he's mine!" Cary interrupts.

"He is not!" Irene flares.

"He is so!" Cary argues hotly.

"Silence! Silence!" the judge thunders, rapping madly for order. "Mrs. Warriner, you step up here and tell me why you insist upon regarding this dog as your personal property so the court may determine whether or not it should remain in your possession."

Irene steps up and takes the witness chair. Then she turns to the judge as though they were having a confidential chat over a tea-table. "You see," she explains, "I saw Mr. Smith first. It was in that pet shop on Madison Ave. You *must* know the one I mean." The judge nods. "I had decided to buy Mr. Smith, but I turned away—for just a moment, mind you—to admire a Persian kitten and, when I turned back, there was a man holding Mr. Smith in his arms. I said, 'Pardon me, but *I'm* buying that puppy.' Then he smiled at me—the man, you understand, not Mr. Smith." The judge nods. "Then, *somehow*," she continues, "all three of us were having lunch together—the man and Mr. Smith and I. After that things went along rather swiftly and one day I said—'I think we had better get married'—and so we did." The judge's hair fair stands on end at this candid announcement, so Irene hurriedly explains some more. "You see, it gave Mr. Smith a *real* home."

"I see," the judge nods. "Well, Mrs. Warriner, in these custody cases we frequently permit the final decision to rest with—"

"That's right," Cary approves. "Let Mr. Smith decide whom he wants to live with."

"Silence!" the judge roars. He turns to a policeman and speaks. The policeman exits. "The custody of the dog will depend upon his own desires," the judge continues. The policeman returns with Mr. Smith on a leash. "Unfasten him," the judge orders.

Cary and Irene are each sitting about equal distance from the dog. They look longingly toward him but Irene, without

[*Continued on page* 56]

In "Park Avenue Dame," Richard Arlen, Raymond Walburn, Scott Colton (sitting) and Gene Morgan. The plot thickens! (Top) Charles Boyer and Claudette Colbert in "Tonight's Our Night."

Harry LeRoy, James Cagney and Evelyn Daw in a scene from "Something to Sing About."

ADOLPH ZUKOR PRESENTS

Gary Cooper and George Raft

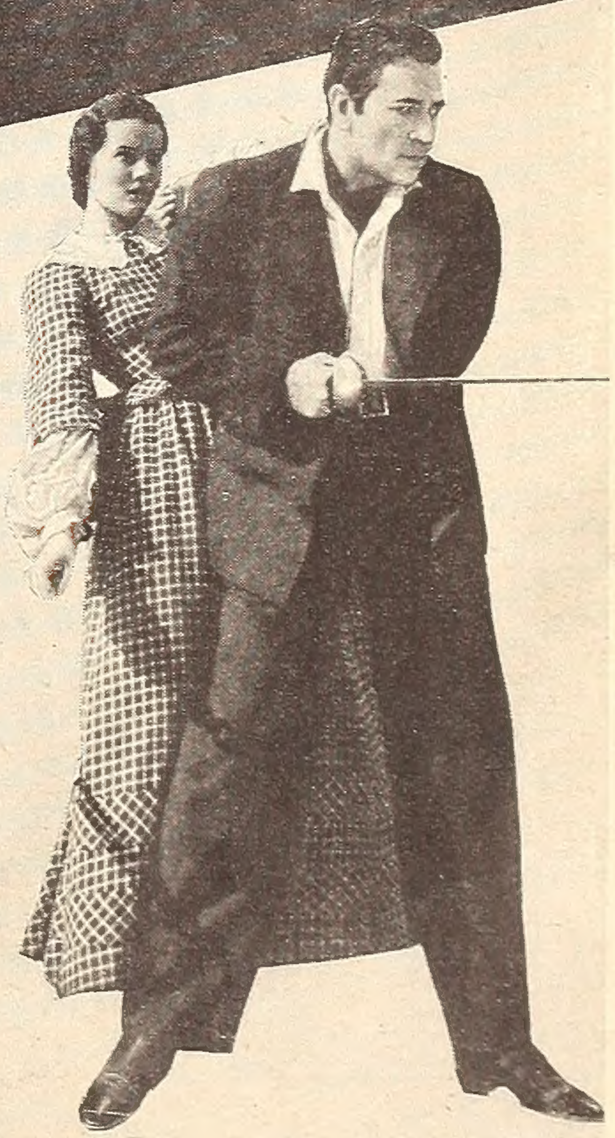
"Souls at Sea"

Frances Dee

Henry Wilcoxon • Harry Carey

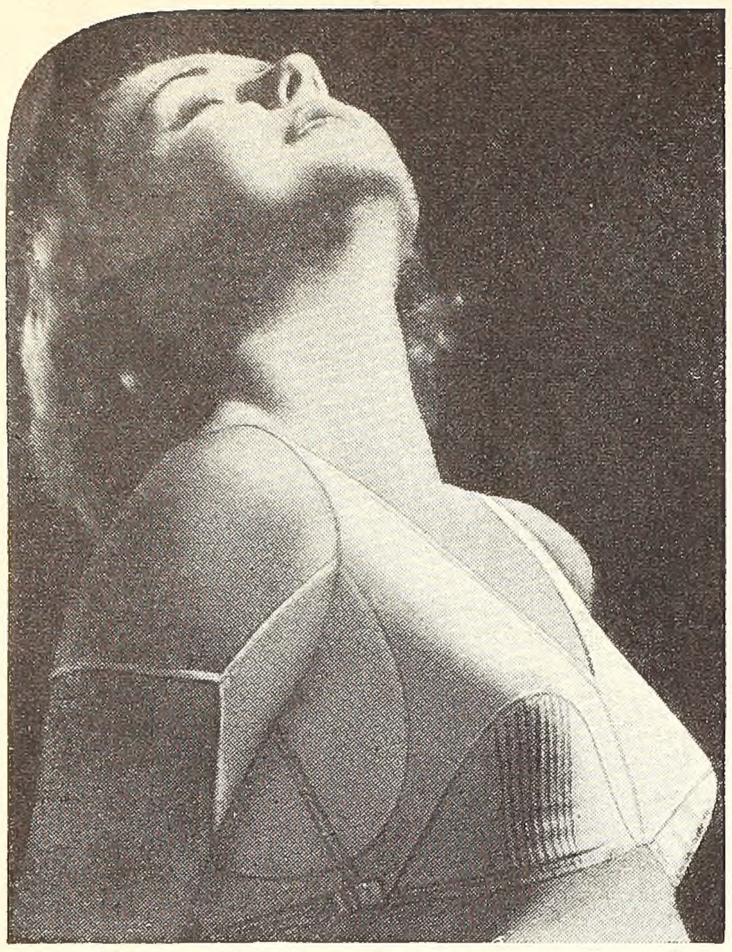
DIRECTED BY HENRY HATHAWAY

BENGAL LANCERS OF THE SEVEN SEAS



From an amazing sea story long buried in the files of the Philadelphia Public Ledger, Henry Hathaway, director of such Paramount masterpieces of pictorial adventure as "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," has produced and directed this grandest of all sea romances. Gary Cooper strides through another of his glorious he-man roles as a seaman of the Fabulous Forties who becomes the leading figure in the *cause célèbre* of the time: the famous murder trial which followed the destruction by fire on the high seas of the Liverpool-Philadelphia packet, the *William Brown*. George Raft in a picaresque role as his companion in arms gains even greater stature among the male luminaries of Hollywood. Frances Dee and Henry Wilcoxon head an all-star supporting cast.

Another Paramount Hit!



Hollywood Insists on Kleinert's Dress Shields

In Hollywood studios, Kleinert's Dress Shields are "required equipment" for dresses—*they* can't afford to risk spoiling costly clothes—can you? Especially when it's so *easy* to protect them!

Kleinert's Bra-forms combine dress shields with dainty uplift bras cleverly concocted to give both slender and mature figures that new high rounded line. Made in a variety of fabrics—can be washed in a minute—always ready for wear with *any* dress—and guarded to protect from moisture, friction, and under-arm cosmetics.

Your favorite Notion Counter is showing Bra-forms in many styles from a dollar up—*the Bra-form, illustrated above, is of fine batiste, $1.25.*

Blue-label BOILABLE Shields are lighter *than ever—35¢ or 3 for a dollar in Notion Departments everywhere.*

Kleinert's

T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

485 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.
TORONTO, CANADA . . . LONDON, ENG.

For Eyes That Glow!

Emulate The Stars Both Literally And Figuratively.

By

Mary Lee

Madge Evans applies her mascara very carefully. She realizes that any careless smudge may detract from her lovely eyes, instead of adding to their luster.

A TOUCH of mascara on upturned lashes helps turn a pair of eyes into twin pools of loveliness, as Madge Evans very well knows. She applies her make-up so it intensifies the color and adds to the depth of her blue eyes while it harmonizes naturally with her light brown hair.

Whenever you call art to the aid of eye beauty, remember this important rule: the final effect must be soft and dewy, never hard. Make-up touches that give eyes a hard look (and should be avoided) are powder on the eyelids, mascara on lower lashes or artifically "beaded" on the upper ones, eyebrows plucked to a thin line or colored too dark to blend with your hair, and too much eyeshadow in the day-time. So put these errors on your list of beauty "don'ts."

Your eyes themselves should sparkle like stars when you're excited and softly glow when you're happy. Their beauty and expressiveness can be increased by the way you make up the area surrounding them.

First, we're going to tell you how to beautify your eyelashes so they'll be a flattering frame to your eyes. If you're not blessed with naturally long, curling lashes, you can do a lot to make them so. There are lubricants which promote the growth. One of the most effective we've found is Kurlene. It is a compound of rich oils which should be rubbed well into the lashes and lids each night. It makes an excellent dressing to use in the day-time, too, because it leaves eyelashes soft and silky. Brushing your eyelashes after you've applied a lubricant gives them an attractive sheen.

You can curl your lashes up in a "jiffy" with a gadget called Kurlash, or you can train them gradually into an upward sweep by brushing them up every time you apply mascara or a lubricating cream.

Always brush your eyelashes after you've darkened them with mascara to soften them and separate the hairs so they won't have an artificial "Beaded" look. A convenient little device to use instead of a brush is the Winx eyelash comb and mascara applicator. It's a fine-tooth comb, curved to the shape of your eyelid and set on a conveniently wielded handle. You spread the mascara across the comb and apply it to the lashes. The one simple motion distributes the mascara evenly over each lash, separates the lashes, curls them up and removes the excess darkening. The final effect is supremely natural.

We're enthusiastic about Winx mascara which may be had in cake, cream or liquid form. The makers tell us that the creamy type, which is the newest, is growing very rapidly in popularity. As for mascara colors, black is the most popular, then brown. Blue is holding its own, but not much green is being sold.

Whatever your coloring, you can wear black mascara, smoothly applied, without looking artificial. The purpose of blue is to bring out the blue tones in one's eyes. Eyelashes don't need to match eyebrows, but eyebrows must be in harmony with the color of your hair. Some of the most attractive eye make-ups we've seen combine black lashes with brown brows.

Your eyebrows should look as if they belong to your face, and nobody else's. They show character when they are neat, well-defined and gracefully curved. Pluck them, by all means, if they're too heavy for beauty or if they are straggly, but don't wear them in a thin, straight line.

The best rule for thinning out eyebrows is to pluck the excess hairs from the lower edge, as the ideal brows are high. Always pull the hairs out in the same direction as they grow, so they'll lie flat when they grow back in. Tweeze any stray hairs that grow across the bridge of your nose.

If you use eyeshadow to heighten the color and accentuate the size of your eyes, apply it sparingly. Obvious eyeshadow is not smart. Blue and mauve (brownish gray) are the shades most generally used now that the vogue for multi-colored shadows has passed its peak. Eyeshadow, unless it is very creamy in consistency, should be applied after your eyelids have been moistened with cream. Start it from the lower edge of the lid and middle of the eyeball and blend it all the way up to your eyebrow and out toward the temple. If you don't use eyeshadow, a little cream on your eyelids will give them a moist, dewy look.

Warner Bros.

take pride in presenting

Mr. Paul MUNI

this year's Academy Award Winner in one of the few great pictures of all time

THE LIFE OF

EMILE ZOLA

He picked a faded rose from the streets of Paris and made her the immortal NANA!

WITH A CAST OF THOUSANDS INCLUDING: Gale Sondergaard... Joseph Schildkraut
Gloria Holden • Donald Crisp • Erin O'Brien-Moore • Henry O'Neill • Louis Calhern
Morris Carnovsky • Directed by William Dieterle Screen play by Norman Reilly Raine, Haines Harold and Geza Herczeg

*

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*

Coming, in early fall, to leading theatres throughout the world.

Tempt Your Appetite

These Recipes Offer Plenty Of Variation

By Ruth Corbin

Ann Sothern serves one hot dish at luncheon

WITH the arrival of October our thoughts turn to more substantial meals, and these recipes have been especially selected with this idea in mind.

FRENCH FRIED ONION RINGS

Cut onions in 1/4 inch slices, separate into rings, dip into milk, then dredge with flour. Place in frying basket and lower into a flat-bottomed sauce pan 2/3 full of melted Crisco (375° F.). Fry until a light brown, about 3 minutes. Drain on absorbent paper and salt before serving. If you prefer, you can make a batter coating by beating 1 egg yolk and then adding 1/2 cup of milk. Stir in 1/2 cup flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon melted Crisco. Mix until smooth and then dip in onion rings and fry.

HAM SLICES BAKED WITH PINEAPPLE AND GINGERED PEARS

1 smoked boneless butt or shoulder ham
1 cup crushed pineapple
4 pear halves, poached in lemon ginger syrup
1/2 cup pear syrup

Cut inch thick slices from butt, allowing one per person. Add pineapple, pear halves and syrup and bake in slow oven (300° F.) 40 minutes, or until tender. Del Monte pineapple and pears are excellent.

CHEESE PUDDING

1/2 pound yellow cheese
2 cups bread crumbs
1/2 teaspoon soda
Butter size of an egg
1 pint milk
2 eggs Cayenne
Salt and pepper

Mix milk and soda. Grate or cut cheese very fine and put into milk and soda and cook until it is like cream, stirring all the time. Beat eggs and stir into this mixture, then mix in butter, pepper and salt and, last, the bread crumbs. Bake in moderate oven (375F) 15 or 20 minutes.

BAKED EGG AND ASPARAGUS WITH BREAD SAUCE

Line shallow buttered Pyrex dishes (individual) with canned Del Monte Asparagus tips. Add bread, drop an egg into the center of each and season slightly. Add grated cheese if desired. Bake in a moderate oven (350 F) 20 minutes or until egg is of desired consistency.

BREAD SAUCE

3 slices of bread
Butter
1 cup hot milk
Salt and pepper

Remove crusts, crumble bread into hot milk. Heat until thickened, stirring constantly. Season to taste with salt, pepper and butter.

A happy edition to the fall meals is hot bread. Instead of the old style biscuits or rolls try these two recipes for a change and watch your family shout with glee and call for more.

DROP BISCUITS

2 cups flour
1 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 cup buttermilk
1/2 teaspoon soda
2 tablespoons butter (melted)

Put soda, salt and baking powder into flour and sift into mixing bowl. Mix in butter, add milk and stir into a soft dough. Put into hot muffin tins and bake 10 to 12 minutes in a hot oven (400 F). This recipe makes 12 biscuits.

BUTTER CAKES

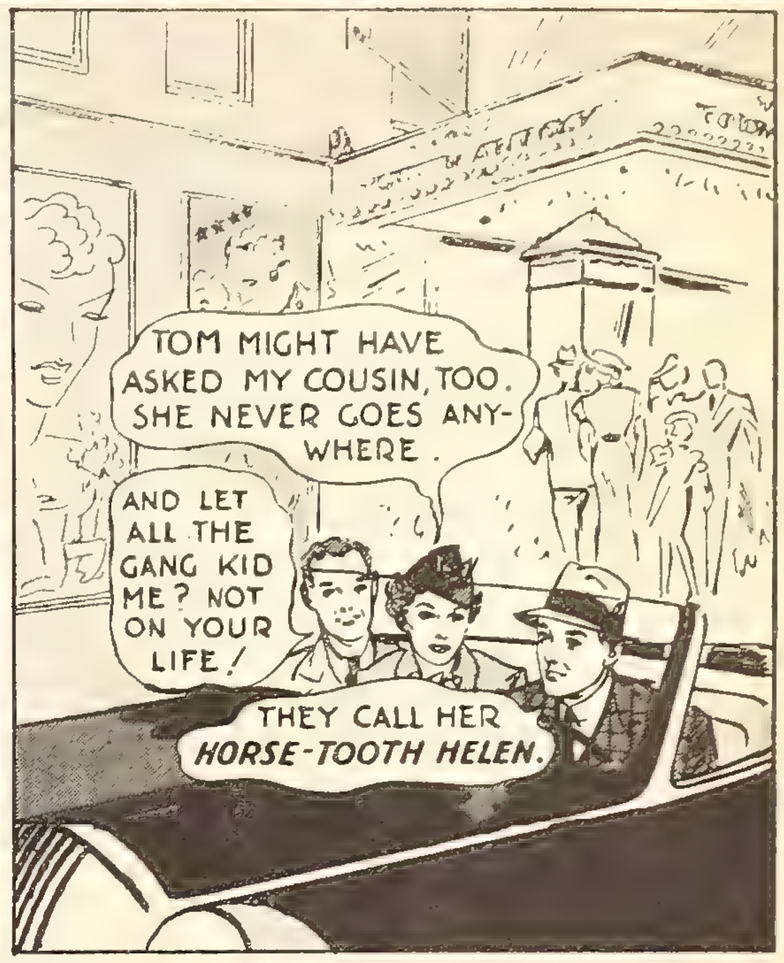
2 1/2 cups flour
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 cup milk 2 eggs
1 teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons Crisco

Sift flour, salt and baking powder together. Rub shortening in with finger tips. Beat egg yolks and add milk. Mix to a soft dough. Fold in stiffly beaten whites. Turn out on floured board. Roll 3/4 inch thick and cut with biscuit cutter. Bake on well greased griddle over a *very* slow fire. After cakes have risen and browned on one side turn over and brown on the other.

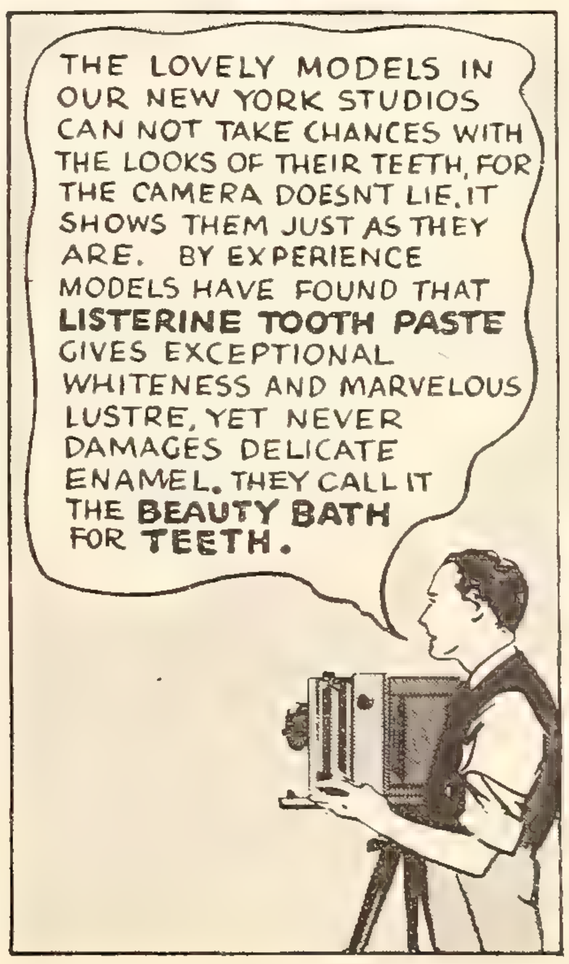
BRAISED LIVER

Cut 1 pound of calf's liver in 2 inch squares, salt and roll in flour and brown in Crisco. Put in a Pyrex dish. Brown in the same Crisco 2 medium sized onions, chopped; 1 cup celery, cut fine; 2 cups diced carrots. Put these in Pyrex dish also and pour over all 1 No. 2 can of tomatoes, adding a little more salt and pepper. Bake in moderate oven (350 F) about an hour and a half.

THEY CALLED HER "HORSE-TOOTH" HELEN UNTIL-



Miss CARROLL BRADY, lovely New York model, says:



DELIGHTFULLY REFRESHING as LISTERINE itself

You will be delighted with the after-effect of Listerine Tooth Paste. The gums and the entire mouth feel wonderfully refreshed and invigorated—the sensation you associate with Listerine itself. Do not overlook the economy of Listerine Tooth Paste. Remember, more than a quarter of a pound of it in the big double size tube for 40¢. Regular size tube, 25¢.

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St. Louis, Mo.

More than
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of tooth paste in the double size tube 40¢
Regular size tube 25¢

Tips On Pictures

ACTION FOR SLANDER—Interesting. This gives you a fine portrait of English army life with its strict code of ethics. Filmed in England, it has Clive Brook in the role of the officer accused of cheating at cards, who brings a court action to clear his name.

BIG SHOT, THE—Amusing. A small town veterinarian (Guy Kibbee) is left a fortune by a gangster relative, and the gangster's pals, in order to get their hands on this money, bring the naive Kibbee to the big city with his wife and then proceed to trim him in what they term "legitimate" fashion. (Cora Witherspoon, Dorothy Moore.)

BLONDE TROUBLE—Fair. A remake of Ring Lardner's satire, "June Moon." Johnny Downs is likeable as the hick who comes to Broadway to write song lyrics and absolutely "panics" the boys of Tin Pan Alley, and Eleanore Whitney is nicely cast as the city girl who steers him through the hoops.

BORN RECKLESS—Fair. If you're in a lenient mood and like an out and out blood and thunder meller, you'll be able to accept this without quibbling. Plot concerns a big town taxi racket, with Brian Donlevy a racing driver who joins forces with Robert Kent to oust the big-time racketeer, Barton MacLane. Rochelle Hudson provides the love interest.

CASE OF THE STUTTERING BISHOP, THE—Fine. Another Perry Mason detective-lawyer yarn, with Donald Woods playing the Mason role this trip. Ann Dvorak is well cast as Della, his assistant. The plot concerns the impersonation of a girl posing as the daughter of a wealthy woman in order to obtain her fortune. The ruse is unmasked by Mason in a clever courtroom scene.

Rosemary Lane, Ted Healy and Dick Powell in a scene from "Varsity Show."

CHARLIE CHAN ON BROADWAY—Entertaining. All devotees of the quaintly charming and uncannily shrewd Chinese detective from Honolulu will feel that they have been treated to another satisfactory mystery thriller when they see this new yarn featuring Charlie's adventures on the Gay White Way. (Warner Oland-Keye Luke-Joan Marsh.)

DOUBLE OR NOTHING—Fair. Even though such high-powered entertainers as Bing Crosby, Martha Raye, Andy Devine and William Frawley are in the cast of this comedy with music, the film leaves something to be desired. However, it has plenty of incidental bits that make it worthy of an hour or so of your play-time. (Mary Carlisle, Samuel Hinds.)

DRUMMOND AT BAY—So-so. An English film depicting another melodramatic episode concerning the famous romantic amateur sleuth. John Lodge plays the character once done here by Ronald Colman so successfully, and Claude Allister, Dorothy Mackaill and Victor Jory do as well as they can with dully written roles.

GOLD RACKET—Fair. The plot concerns a couple of Federal Agents (Conrad Nagel and Eleanor Hunt) who run into romance when they are working on the same assignment—that of rounding up smugglers shipping gold from Mexico into the U.S.A.

HIDEAWAY—So-so. It's too bad that Fred Stone and Emma Dunn, two veterans of the legitimate stage, should be cast in a film so poorly conceived you may be tempted to laugh at the wrong places. The story has hayseed in its makeup. Skip it, unless on a dual bill.

HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME—Entertaining. When the circus gets stranded in rural Pennsylvania during the middle 19th century it gives lovely Irene Dunne a chance to meet Randolph Scott, an oil pioneer, and romance rears its exciting but uncertain head. Old-fashioned movie fare with a flare and a wallop!

HOT WATER—Amusing. Another installment (full length) in the Jones family series which has caught on in most neighborhood theatres. Jed Prouty is cast as the candidate for mayor who gets into trouble when opposing certain racketeering

3,000,000 PEOPLE SAY— "YOU MUST SEE THIS AMAZING PICTURE!"

Now at Popular Prices

HERE it is at last! The world-acclaimed Columbia picture that 3,000,000 people paid as much as $5.00 a seat to "preview" in famous stage-show theatres. Now it comes to *your* theatre at regular motion picture prices. And you have the assurance of those same millions of moviegoers that this of all pictures is one you must not miss!

A COLUMBIA PICTURE

The International Best-Seller by James Hilton, Screened by the Man Who Made "Mr. Deeds"—

FRANK CAPRA'S Production Starring RONALD COLMAN

LOST HORIZON

With Edw. Everett Horton—H. B. Warner—Jane Wyatt—Margo—John Howard—Isabel Jewell—Sam Jaffe—Thomas Mitchell. Screen play by Robert Riskin.

elements in the city. (Spring Byington, Russell Gleason, Shirley Deane, etc.)

LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA, THE—Splendid. A thought-provoking drama that gives one courage to think that some day the screen will be one of the greatest mediums in modern life toward presenting the ideas of great minds. This film tells simply and dramatically how Zola, the great French novelist, cleared the name of Dreyfus, once wrongfully branded as his country's most ignoble traitor.

LONDON BY NIGHT—Good. A well knit and intelligently produced murder mystery with a cast that is outstanding even though the names haven't marquee strength. As the title implies, the action takes place in London and Scotland Yard has a good chance to put its "two cents" in. (George Murphy, Rita Johnson, Virginia Field, Eddie Quillan.)

LOVE TAKES FLIGHT—Fine. A nicely told little yarn about a conceited aviator (Bruce Cabot) who divides his interest between his love of flying and his love for the pretty hostess on his plane (Beatrice Roberts). Conrad Nagel, in this, his first directorial effort, chalks up plenty of credits for himself.

MR. DODD TAKES THE AIR—Fine. A frothy and amusing comedy with sprightly music and dialogue. The plot concerns a small-town youth who is suddenly "discovered" because of his excellent baritone voice, and is placed on a coast to coast radio program. A splendid cast is headed by Kenny Baker, who *is* a screen "find," Alice Brady, Gertrude Michael, Frank McHugh and Jane Wyman.

MEET THE BOY FRIEND—So-so. A musical farce that doesn't run true to the accepted form—it won't make you laugh. It has names that conjure up laughs in your mind just to hear them—such as Pert Kelton and Warren Hymer—still the film suffers from screen malnutrition. (Carol Hughes, David Carlyle, Gwili Andre.)

MIDNIGHT MADONNA—Good. A human interest story, bordering a bit on the sentimental side, however, and concerning the legal court battle for possession of little Kitty Clancy, an adorable newcomer who may some day be a candidate for Shirley Temple's shoes. Fine cast includes Edward Ellis, Warren William and Mady Correll.

ONE MILE FROM HEAVEN—Good. A story that is different and which, because of its theme, handled very delicately. It concerns an octoroon who loves and claims a white child for her own. The mystery of the child's parentage is unearthed by the press but the so-called "scoop" is nobly killed by a sob-sister. (Claire Trevor-Bill Robinson-Fredi Washington.)

SHEIK STEPS OUT, THE—Fair. Ramon Novarro comes back in a pleasant little comedy about a powerful desert sheik who acts as the guide of a spoiled American heiress (Lola Lane) when she wants to see the desert. For the romantic-minded.

SING, COWBOY, SING—Good. Another Tex Ritter western, with music, that has enough comedy touches to make it enjoyable fare—unless stories of the wild and woolly ranges bore you. Louise Stanley, a very charming newcomer, provides the romantic allure.

VARSITY SHOW—Excellent. The latest Dick Powell film is a very classy affair indeed, with Dick being called back by his alma mater to produce their annual musical show. He runs amuck with the conservative faculty and returns to Broadway—a flop. But the students learn of this and allow him to put their show on Broadway with them in the cast. This is tops in musicals! (Rosemary Lane, Ted Healy, Walter Catlett.)

WAR LORD—Good. Adapted from that fine old reliable "The Bad Man," in which Holbrook Blinn starred on the stage and Walter Huston in the movies, this version has the principal protagonist an Oriental instead of a Mexican. Perhaps the Mexicans objected. (Boris Karloff, Beverly Roberts, Ricardo Cortez, etc.)

WHITE BONDAGE—Fair. A story of the sharecroppers in the South who suffer from the short-weighting and other enslaving tactics of their planter-bosses. However, this doesn't get particularly sociological. It might have been a stronger film if it had. Cast includes Jean Muir, Gordon Oliver and Howard Phillips.

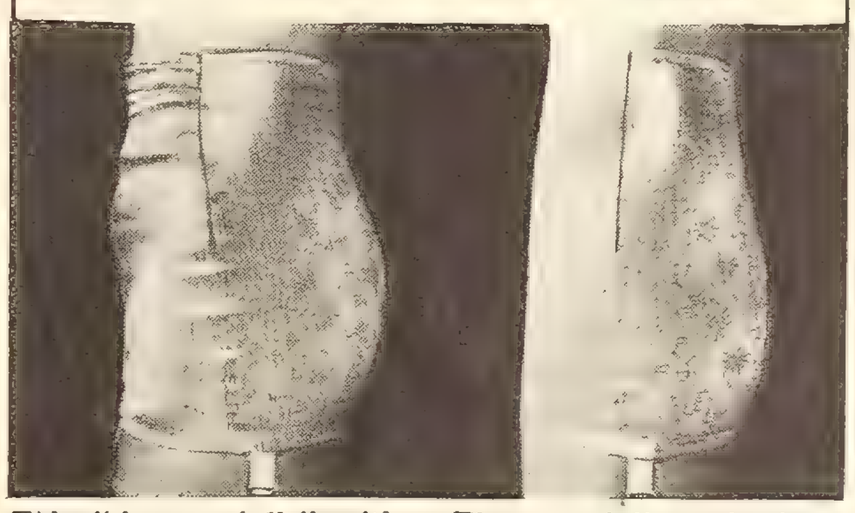
WILD AND WOOLLY—Fine. A swell western starring Jane Withers and featuring a freckle-faced urchin named Carl Switzer who all but steals the show. Jane does some excellent singing and dancing, and what with a frontier-town celebration, a sensational bank robbery, and the inclusion of Walter Brennan in the cast, you can't go wrong on this one. It will amuse the whole family.

WILD MONEY—Good. A lively little comedy with sparkling dialogue that should furnish excellent fare on a dual bill. Ed. Everett Horton, plays a bookkeeper working on a newspaper, who, while on vacation, runs across a swell news story and clinches it for his sheet by highly melodramatic methods. (Louise Campbell, Lynne Overman, Lucien Littlefield.)

LOVELY FASHION MODEL REVEALS FIGURE-SECRET

118 lbs. of allure! Divinely slim yet divinely rounded. Nature didn't do it all! Like all smart models, this girl finds that clothes simply will not fit unless she wears a girdle. "My girdles fit perfectly for months!" says Alicia Quigley, famous model, "because I restore the shape by washing my girdle often with pure Ivory Flakes."

"GIRDLE-BULGE" CURED OVERNIGHT



This "sloppy girdle" with unsightly bulges is the result of too few washings.

The same girdle . . . its shape restored overnight when washed with Ivory Flakes.

"Use flakes of pure soap" stores tell me

"When I ask salesgirls in fine stores what they mean by pure soap, they always say 'Ivory Flakes'," explains Miss Quigley. "They say Ivory Flakes are the only soap flakes made of pure Ivory Soap that's safe even for a baby's skin. Ivory revives elastic and other fine materials."

Alicia gives you washing hints: "Wash girdle in lukewarm Ivory Flakes suds, using soft brush. After rinsing, roll in towel to remove water. Shake and hang up *at once!* Girdle will be dry by morning—as snug-fitting as if new!"

WHAT A FIGURE!

IVORY FLAKES

TRADEMARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. • MADE BY PROCTER & GAMBLE

Your eyes
will open wide with wonder!
The picture you dreamed some day you'd see . . . lovely to look at, lovelier still as you listen! A musical romance gay and magnificent, skimming in shimmering delight along the silvery Alpine slopes! Spectacle so splendid, beauty so breath-taking that it's all you've ever longed for in entertainment . . . as your "One In A Million" girl finds the boy in a million!
SONJA HENIE • TYRONE POWER
Thin Ice
A PLEASURE TO HEAR!
"My Secret Love Affair"
"Over Night"
"My Swiss Hilly Billy"
By Pollack and Mitchell
"I'm Olga from the Volga"
By Gordon & Revel
ARTHUR TREACHER
RAYMOND WALBURN
JOAN DAVIS
SIG RUMANN • ALAN HALE
LEAH RAY • MELVILLE COOPER
MAURICE CASS • GEORGE GIVOT
Directed by Sidney Lanfield
. . . who gave you "Sing, Baby, Sing", "One In A Million", "Wake Up And Live"
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith
Screen Play by Boris Ingster and Milton Sperling
From the play "Der Komet" by Attila Orbok
DARRYL F. ZANUCK in Charge of Production
20th Century Fox
Your guarantee of the best in entertainment!

DOESN'T look as if those divorce rumors anent Luise Rainer and hubby Clifford Odets had much foundation. For the very minute that Luise finished "Big City" she took a plane for New York to visit her husband who is working there—she didn't even wait for the preview of her picture! And when a star shows more interest in her husband than in her newest picture that, dear public, is love.

CLOSE friends of Mrs. Bello, Jean Harlow's mother, are extremely worried about her health. The poor distraught mother has wasted away until she is almost a skeleton, and has had three bad heart attacks. Her chief consolation seems to be William Powell, who keeps her little home (she has moved from the large house in Beverly Hills) supplied with fresh gardenias every day, gardenias were Jean's favorite flower. Bill sees her as often as his picture work will allow and every Sunday they lunch together and talk about Jean.

WHEN Leslie Howard kissed Joan Blondell the other day for a scene in "Stand-In," and then completely forgot his lines in his confusion, the entire company broke into a laugh. Of course everyone threatened to phone Dick Powell at once.

MARLENE DIETRICH says that the old bromide about washing your hair too often will ruin it is just a lot of hooey. She has been washing her hair every day since she started in pictures, and there can be no denying that la Dietrich has a beautiful supply of woman's crowning glory.

Bewitching Nan Grey on Hallowe'en, when the stars come tumbling down like snowflakes.

IF GARY COOPER ever drops in for a visit, and you want to make him happy, just supply him with two chairs. He loves to put himself in one chair and his feet in the other. And don't be surprised if he goes to sleep.

MISCHA AUER says he has been in so many pictures in the last six months that his stand-in is nearing a nervous collapse.

DESPITE the fact that Mary Boland specializes in the portrayals of dumb, fluttery matrons she is one of Hollywood's most brilliant conversationalists out of makeup.

ROBERT TAYLOR, always on the lookout for new gadgets, has acquired a pair of cuff links with tiny watches in the center.

HOUSE trailers are beginning to supplant the portable dressing rooms that the stars use on movie sets. The latest to get a house trailer is Eddie Cantor. The trailers are easier to move from one sound stage to another than the old style dressing rooms.

IF JOAN CRAWFORD is your ideal Glamour Girl and you want to do as Joan does, then dash right out and get yourself an angora sweater. For Joan is now going in for angora sweaters off the set and on. Her sweaters are extremely soft and fuzzy, with a billowy nap nearly an inch long.

WHEN the waiters at the Brown Derby went on strike recently Lupe Velez, who was waiting to have dinner served her, simply rolled up her sleeves and pitched right in. They say the Brown Derby has never had such hot tamales as Lupe whipped up that evening.

LORETTA YOUNG and Joe Mankiewicz, Metro producer, thought they were awfully smart when they slipped out of the side door of the Alexander Theatre in Glendale the other evening and eluded the hundreds of fans milling around the entrance. But Mankiewicz, in his haste to keep up with the slim Loretta, did a nose dive over a cable and Loretta laughed so long and hard that all the fans located them.

BEFORE leaving for her holiday in Honolulu, little Miss Shirley Temple made only one request of her studio; could she have lunch with Charlie McCarthy? Charlie, as you know, is Edgar Bergen's famous dummy who has become quite the most sought after young man in town. Charlie was so pleased when Public Favorite Number 1 asked to lunch with him that he has been insufferable ever since.

CARY GRANT and Phyllis Brooks are now Hollywood's most constant twosome.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND is a slipper slipper-offer of the worst type. Whenever she sits down at a table unconsciously her slippers come right off.

WAYNE MORRIS, who made such a hit as the shy young boxer in "Kid Galahad," isn't shy at all it seems—quite the contrary. His friends will tell you that he has kept a diary since entering pictures and has jotted down the name of every girl he has had a date with. The diary covers 214 days and during that time Wayne has recorded 138 dates! Ever since his astonishing success in "Kid Galahad" he has wanted to be seen with "names." Alice Faye is the most recent "name" on his list, and he did escort her to the preview of her picture "You Can't Have Everything," but those who know Alice say that she still cares for Tony Martin and that there is decidedly no lull in her life

ACCORDING to Travis Banton, Paramount's fashion designer, printed materials will continue in high fashion favor through fall as well as winter. For the personal wardrobe of Carole Lombard Banton is using printed crepes. These frocks, he points out, will be especially smart when worn under fur coats.

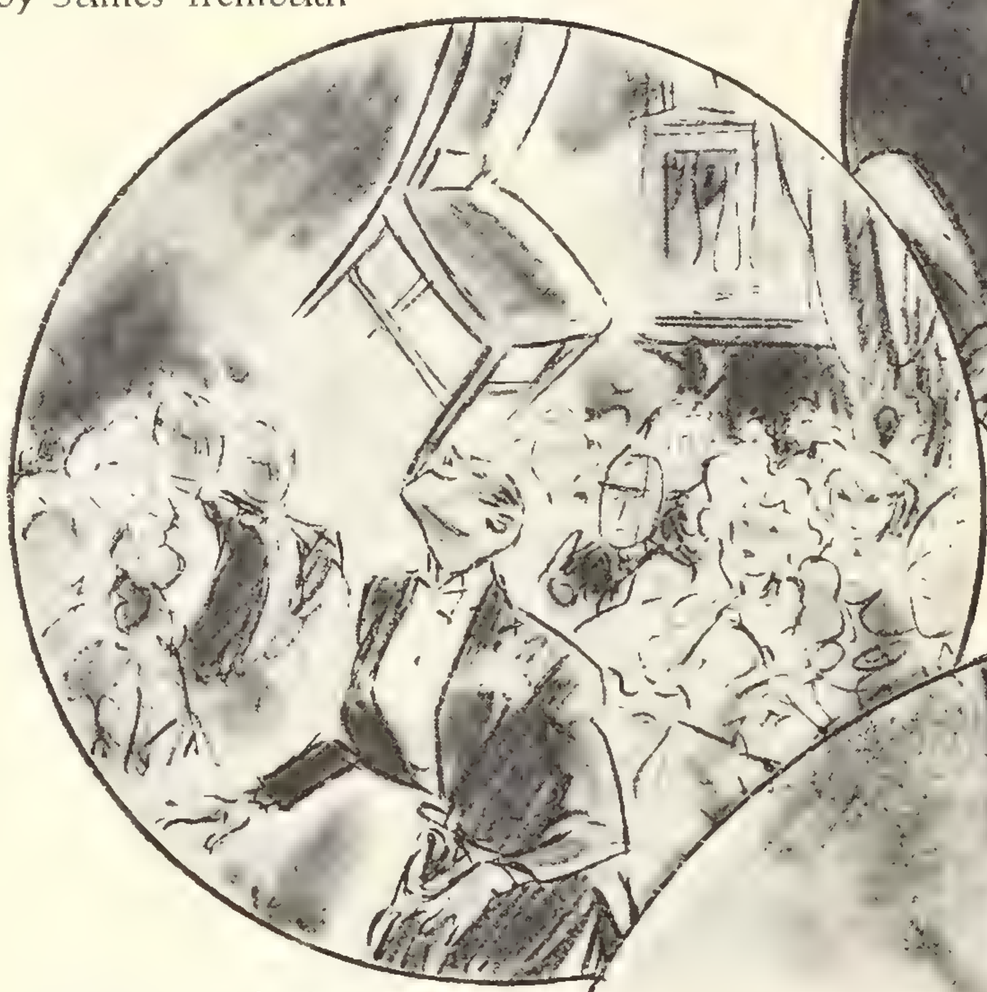
JANE WITHERS decided to have a party for her neighborhood friends recently, which turned out to be rather an unusual one. First of all, Jane, who had been given a miniature fingerprinting set by a fan proceeded to fingerprint all the youthful guests. They took it all right, but when she started fingerprinting all her pets, the cats and dogs and goats and chickens, there was such a squawking and yowling that the Senior Withers rushed out of the house to see what all the commotion was about. Jane's fingerprinting set is now in the incinerator.

The Competition Is Tough And The Desperate Would-Be Screen Stars Are Tougher.

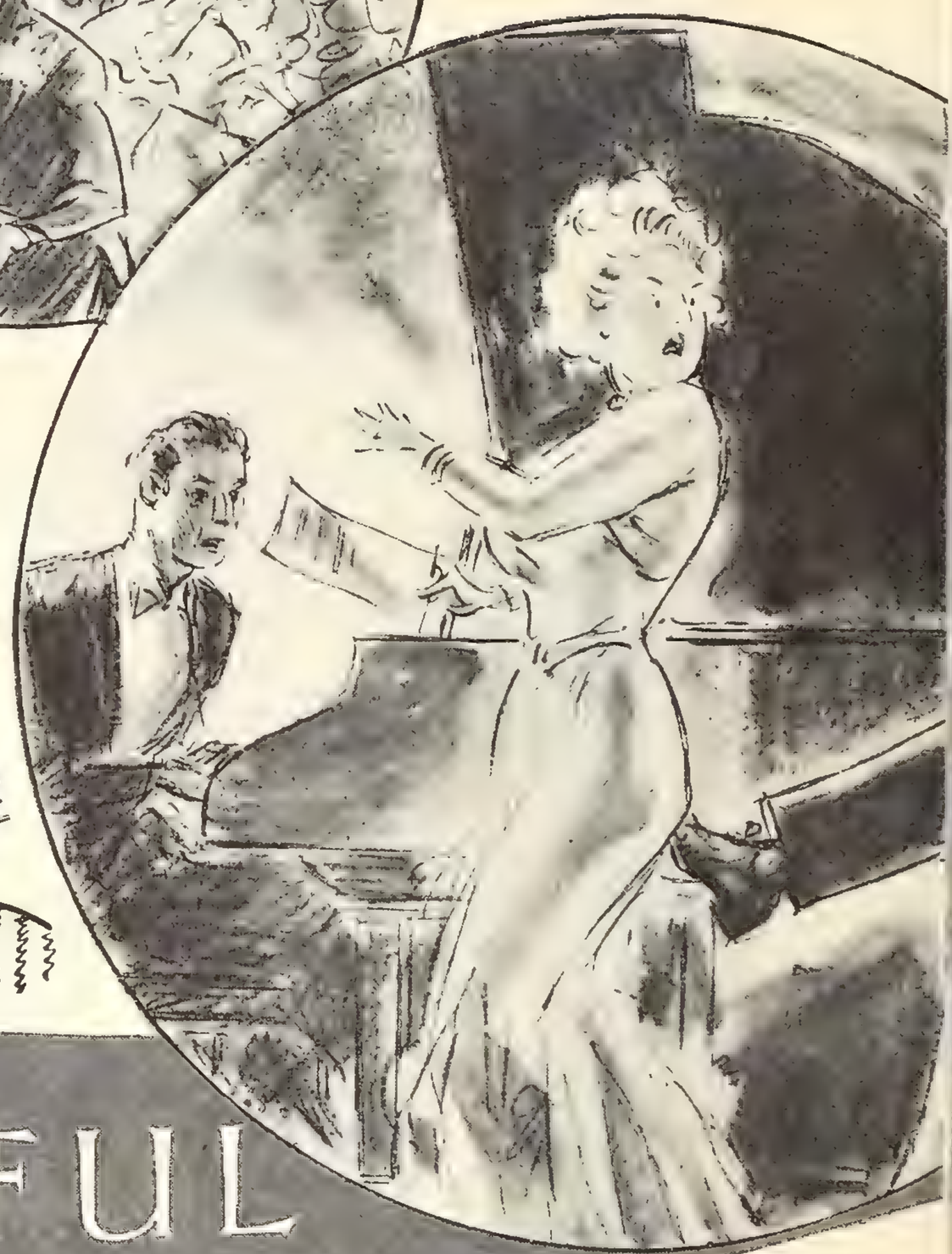
By Howard Barnes

Illustrated by James Trembath

Fawning for favor. Most of the praise is phoney.



In every gathering a show-off tries to attract favorable attention.



THE HATEFUL

HOLLYWOOD'S a fine place to visit, but there are a lot of compensations for those of us who don't live or work there. There is a martial epigram which speaks of "a crowd dangerous to peace and hostile to restful quiet." It might have been written about the denizens of the film capitol. Behind the glitter and vitality of Hollywood, behind the luxury of a great deal of existence and the stimulating satisfaction of contributing to a great art form, there are some ugly aspects. On a recent stay in the center of motion picture making, I found a great deal to admire and like. I also found certain things that I disliked profoundly.

Most of these are caused by the very make-up of the films. Young, lusty and powerful, the medium invites an arrogance on the part of many of its practitioners which isn't any pleasanter because you understand what causes it. There is a casual disregard of human aspirations, feelings and even life itself that makes for what must be one of the cruelest community attitudes you could find in the world today. It's no fun to be a comparative failure anywhere, but it's really tragic in Hollywood. You would find it hard to believe what being a failure is, too. I was asking an affluent scenarist about a writer I had known in New York, who went to the West Coast to do scenarios.

"How's he doing?" I said.

"That fellow? Oh, he's a flop. He's only making $350 a week."

It might not be so bad to be a "failure" at $350 a week, but it's the attitude behind the remark that is important. Hollywood has little patience with the also-rans—it has downright contempt for those that drop out. The second evening I was there, I went to the Brown Derby with a noted director and a star. In a corner, sitting by himself, was a man I had interviewed when I first started reviewing movies a dozen years ago. He was a great man then. Now he had a shabbiness of manner as well as clothes and furtive eyes. I discovered that he hadn't done anything in films for several years.

"He gets occasional help from old friends," one of my companions said. "I don't see why he keeps hanging around."

Why shouldn't he hang around! His career had started almost with the beginning of pictures. He had devoted the best years of his life to them. What else did he have to do now. I must confess, though, that I studiously avoided meeting his eye, in case he might possibly have remembered me. I had gone Hollywood in a hurry.

Then there's the case of a middle-aged character actor whom I had known in the theater. He was just a notch above a "bit" player; he worked fairly steadily and made a fairly good income. But he knew that the people with whom he had worked on the stage on an equal footing, considered him a failure in films. It did a strange thing to him. I drove along the Pacific past Malibu Beach and up into the foothills with him one night and I never said a word. He did the talking. For several hours he let flow an epic mixture of invective and profanity about the whole business of the films, until he exhausted himself with impotent rage.

An established Hollywood custom, the old double-cross.

In almost any other place, a person who was down on his luck for one reason or another could withdraw into himself—become more or less anonymous—while trying to get a fresh start. There is no escape in Hollywood. So great is the premium on success, so short are people's memories of colleagues and even friends that it becomes virtually impossible for a screen worker to resign himself gracefully to mediocrity or failure. The exhilaration that you get in being with people who are doing great things on the screen is more than matched by the depressing nearness, on all sides, of minor and major personal tragedy.

As a matter of fact, the brooding preoccupation of Hollywood with fame and fortune, and its hostile indifference to the reverse

side of the medal, draw most of the social demarcations in the film capitol. When I went to a star's home, I was pretty certain in advance as to whom I would meet there—other stars, first-line directors, successful supervising producers and top-notch writers. It was a definite relief to visit such real homes as the Jimmy Cagneys or the Stuart Erwins, where one might meet extras, assistant directors, cameramen or just plain people who happened to be friends of these delightful couples.

You might suspect that a waning star, director or writer could drop down a few notches in the social scheme of things and find new and vital acquaintances among the lesser artisans—the extras or the office boys. It just doesn't work. The people at the bottom of the Hollywood ladder don't want to become even vaguely identified with anyone coming down. They are all intent on hoisting themselves up a rung and they have no time for those who can't give them a helping hand.

It's a cruel place, but as I said before, this cruelty is understandable. Hollywood's a community of short-term commitments. You can plan a normal life there, but it's hard to live one. It isn't generally realized that this era of handsome homes, ornamental swimming pools, ranches and beach houses is comparatively new. Archie L. Mayo, the distinguished director, set me right on this one night when we drove in from Beverly Hills to Los Angeles to see the old Spanish quarter—as old as the pyramids in relation to Hollywood's brief span of being.

On the way he pointed out a number of run-down hotels and apartment buildings in that curious no-man's land between the studios and the city of Los Angeles itself.

"That's where I lived once," he would say, or "that's where Francis X. Bushman had an apartment.

"Nobody thought of owning a home when I first went into the movies after the war," he continued. "Everyone lived in hotels—ready to move at a day's notice. And we all thought the notice was coming at any moment. Anyone who started settling down on a plot of ground was considered daffy. For that matter, most people live in hotels or apartments, now."

Behind this are several factors, chiefly the amazingly short careers of most screen notables. I must have asked scores of veteran players and directors to give me a rough estimate of the average length of a star's career. The answer was always the same—five or six years. It seems incredible that the big players, whose names are in bright lights in thousands of theaters throughout the country today, will be in eclipse six years from now, but try naming over a few of the really important people who were starred six years ago and see if they are still on top of the heap. There are exceptions, of course, but screen work is at best a precarious calling.

Living in Hollywood is very much a matter of shifting sands. There is a feverish lack of stability that I for one would have a hard time adjusting myself to. While I was there I was offered a veritable palace for an absurdly low rent. The owner, a writer, hadn't had his contract taken up. He was then residing in a boarding house. The business of moving around gets to be a habit.

The worst aspect of Hollywood, the thing I disliked most intensely, is something that exists in any business anywhere, but reaches an apotheosis in the film center—politics. To stand in right with the right people is almost a creed for a large part of screen workers. It takes its expression in fawning, fighting by fair means and foul and, more terrible still, in a pervasive atmosphere of fear. There are some few notables who are so important that they scarcely have to worry about it, but most of Hollywood is inevitably caught up in it.

On more than one occasion, I witnessed what this preoccupation with wire-pulling and toadying could do in terms of loss of dignity. Persons will stand for insults and calumny that would enrage you as an innocent by-stander, if they think it is to their professional advantage. They will double-cross their friends in a moment to curry favor with the powers-that-be. The few gallant ones that are not afraid to speak their minds and are content to be judged on their output of talent are splendid. They are in a distinct minority.

A star, who shall be nameless, told me of a party she had recently attended at the home of one of the biggest producers on the West Coast. Actors, directors and writers were there. Someone suggested playing a parlor game called "truth," in which each person in the gathering actually told his mind about various matters and various personalities. A few incautious souls entered into the spirit of the thing and [*Continued on page 72*]

Dodging a hard luck story. A man on the down grade has no friends. (Right) The morning mail brings the death warrant—the option has not been taken up.

Whispers, hints, rumors often become deadly. The ancient custom of the snickersnee of slander.

Don Ameche Referees A Famous Radio Wrangle.

By Annabelle Gillespie-Hayek

"WHY don't you get married and raise a basket of clothespins?" rasps the grandiloquent comedian, W. C. Fields, with mighty aplomb.

Speaking to whom?

Why, the saucy little, though very clever young fellow, Charlie McCarthy, of course. Yet that tiny heckler is rarely perturbed for he positively is never short on a come-back. In fact, he rather seems to get the best of Fields by simply turning a quizzical and startled, monocled eye upon Eddie Bergen, his own creator, and by answering with perfect assurance in a mocking voice, "Tssh, tssh."

Is impish Charlie ever squelched? Never. No matter what sarcastic epithets Fields may hurl at him Charlie retaliates by actually leering at Bill, and soon has that great one mumbling to himself. Then it is that the little rascal hurries to the attack with such slashing remarks as, "If they'd made your face of wood, they'd have had to use redwood for the nose," or "He's filled with spirits."

Fields' bulbous nose, his propensity for liquors, and his boastful pretentions seem to be the focal points of the mighty little atom's animus. The way Charlie keeps ribbing Fields on those points causes the famous trouper to singe the impertinent, little brat with the constant rejoinder that, "He's nothing more than coagulated sawdust."

This is particularly galling to McCarthy, who seeks to offset such thrusts by shaking his head and letting his voice drop away into a sympathetic tone of pity, "What a beak! What a beak!"

When it appears that Fields is about to use his ever-present cane for some purpose other than a walking stick the double-edged attack is then quickly ended, temporarily at least, by the intervention of that perfect referee—Don Ameche.

Don is always near the microphone and, much too often, he tells me, he is forced to interpose in order to slow down the tempo of the feud. As you already know, Don is on that very popular radio program featuring the above named combatants. Laughingly and engagingly, he also steps in when Charlie spouts at Eddie Bergen, his sometime master, with such retorts as, "If I could only do my own talking."

The personable Ameche has been refereeing the verbal harangue between Charlie and Fields since last May. "It is quite likely," he says, "that Charlie may not only outwit Fields in the end, but that he may even get beyond all of us. Honestly, Eddie Bergen is so clever with the little devil that everyone around the studio has come to think of Charlie as an honest-to-goodness personality. He is so dexterous and so original during rehearsals that he keeps most of us in an hilarious uproar. Sometimes I wonder just what might happen to Bill and Charlie if no one interfered."

Yet Don is a very well-balanced and level-headed person and so long as he acts as referee-de-luxe we need have no qualms regarding the final outcome of the McCarthy-Fields hostilities. Whatever Don does we know will not be far amiss. Seeing him at the actual broadcast, seated in front of the microphone, and on one side of a long table with the guest star between him and Charlie (who invariably reposes on Bergen's knee) we realize why the great mountebank, alias W. C. Fields, is allowed the entire opposite side of the table. It's certainly a good thing that Don's primed at every moment to catch that cane!

Asked about his other experiences as referee on the air, Don says:

"Although I am prepared at all times to *ad lib* and to take care of any emergency, I have so far been extremely fortunate in not having had to do so. We have had only first-rate personalities for our guest stars, and no one has ever yet failed to show up, no one has ever been late, or visibly afflicted with mike fright, or become jittery, or otherwise acted irregularly."

Since, in radio, there are no retakes and no cutting rooms the first and only performance must be letter-perfect else every shoddy line, either as to inflection or timing, will be exposed to countless listeners throughout the country. But by means of persistent rehearsals and excellent self-control, Ameche has been able to overcome any voice difficulties that he may ever have had, and to consistently throw himself into the spirit of his roles better than any other dramatic male star of the ether waves, in recent years. At least this would seem true, in so far as he has just received a beautiful silver plaque, mounted like an easel in hardened wood, for having polled more votes than any male star during the last four consecutive years in the Radio Guide's Star of Stars contest. In addition he has also acquired the coveted leading role of "In Old Chicago" after only seventeen months of work before the cameras.

Ameche's dramatic career began with an accident on Thanksgiving Day, 1928. At that time he dreamed little of kleig lights and thespian greatness, for he was much too busy with his study of law at the University of Wisconsin, though he did take time out on occasion for a fling at campus dramatics.

It happened on that particular day that the Jackson Stock Company of Madison, Wisconsin, had scheduled the production, "Excess Baggage," at one of the local theatres. Early in the morning, however, the leading man of the company walked in front of an automobile, and when the doctors finished with him at the emergency ward of a hospital his usefulness as a trouping adonis was over for some time to come.

Frantically the company's impressario began looking for a substitute. By eleven o'clock Don had been recommended by the university because of his work in "Liliom," "Cradle Song" and other campus productions. He of course was summoned at once.

Applying the habits of study acquired over ponderous tomes of Blackstone, *et al.*, Ameche learned twenty "sides" by curtain time, and when the show was over went back to the campus with a twenty weeks' contract in his pocket.

Thus inaugurating a dramatic career, he left college and later went to New York at the request of Fiske O'Hara to play the

The broadcast artists are (left to right) Dorothy Lamour, Charlie McCarthy, Edgar Bergen, Don Ameche, W. C. Fields and Ann Harding. In circle, Don Ameche in his screen make-up.

Oh What A Dummy!

THE TORMENT OF BILL FIELDS AND DON AMECHE

tion, a native flair for the drama, and capacity for hard work, he has become known from coast to coast as the first matinee idol of the air. For six years audiences thrilled, palpitated and rhapsodized to his mellow voice. Then Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer took a test of him in New York, though nothing happened. But chance sent him to Twentieth Century-Fox, and thus came his almost meteoric rise to film prominence. So successful was his first cinema adventure in "Sins of Man" that he was given the leading role in the all-color production, "Ramona." Other pictures followed quickly, among them "Ladies in Love," "One in a Million," and the current production "In Old Chicago."

Born in Kenosha, Wisconsin, on May 31, 1908, he graduated from the public schools there. After that he attended both St. Berchman's seminary at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and Columbia College at Dubuque, Iowa, before enrolling at the University of Wisconsin. At Columbia College he learned football under Elmer Layden, famous fullback of Notre Dame's Four Horsemen and now head coach and athletic director at Notre Dame.

Ameche is six feet tall, and weighs 170 pounds. He has almost black hair, large, expressive, dark-brown eyes and a friendly smile. He is one of the most popular of all actors at both the Twentieth Century-Fox and NBC studios. No doubt the reason is because of his genial disposition and genuine friendliness. People around the studios tell me that if Don makes a promise, come what may, Don will keep it.

He is married to Honore Prendergast, sweetheart of his college days. They have two children, Donnie, three and one-half, and Ronnie, one and one-half years of age, respectively. Don's no sensation when it comes to looks or actions but he's a good all-around sort of fellow—the kind anyone would like to have for a friend, and the type of person that will always meet you on the level. There's one thing sure and this is that he isn't afraid to call a spade a spade.

juvenile lead in "Jerry for Short." From Broadway he went back to stock and vaudeville and at the insistence of a college chum, Bernardine Flynn, tried radio.

Needless to say, his success was triumphant. Next to "Amos 'n' Andy" he has been on the air longer in one series than any other star. He has had the leading role in "The Little Theatre Off Times Square," he has played in "Betty and Bob," in "Rin Tin Tin," "The Foreign Legion," "Grand Hotel," and recently signed off from "The First Nighter" after five years.

Tall, dark, and handsome, with a cheerful disposi-

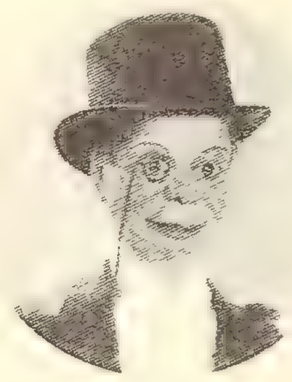
He's quite impulsive, and he admits it. "Too much so for my own good," he says. If it should occur to him while sitting with friends in the Trocadero, for instance, that it is a fine night to fly to San Francisco, or to motor up to Lake Arrowhead, or to Palm Springs, he loses little time in getting out into the night, and making a happy landing somewhere. Always, Honore is in the party.

Don isn't strong on telling jokes, but he certainly loves to play them on his friends and co-workers. He has no real hobbies but has a tremendous interest in everything. "I can see romance and glamor in most anything," he says. "I can understand why an architect must have an impelling urge to build, why a doctor will travel for hours to mend a broken body, why a lawyer will laboriously seek to right a wrong, or why any worker may completely lose himself in his work while pursuing some specific end. There's hidden glamor and beauty in practically everything, but it's too bad that so few people will take the pains to find them."

"The trouble with most of us is that we waste too much time," he went on to say. "We could learn—oh, so much, during the hours we waste. If only we could utilize our time to better advantage, it's barely possible that we might all be able to do something really worth while. At least we could better prepare ourselves to meet our obligations."

Though Don is keenly aware of his great responsibilities, he does not seem to realize that he is actually making entertainment history both on the screen and along the air lines. He is an actor primarily because acting is the one profession that satisfies his aesthetic sense and not because he is urged by some motivating force with a utilitarian object. "I hope that I shall be able to act always," he says.

Don tells me that neither the fine roles which have been his lot nor the honors that have been heaped upon him have ever afforded him keener delight, or more hilarious moments than he now receives by reason of his current role as referee-de-luxe for that torrid and bombastic feud between the inimitable duo—Fields vs. McCarthy.



Mr. and Mrs. Don Ameche on the grounds of their Hollywood home. (Above) The little rascal introduced by Edgar Bergen.

THE FIVE HURDLES TO SUCCESS

By

Helen Louise Walker

The Player Who Can Meet The Tests Gets "In The Money."

THEYR'E off!

The Hollywood steeplechase of 1937 is on. Who'll make the first hurdle? Whose mount has already begun to falter? Who is that nosing into first place on the open stretch? What is the time by the stop watches now? Oooops! Watch that water jump. . . .

Hollywood, becoming more race conscious every year, is the scene of a more exciting race over a more heartbreaking course than was ever heard of at Aintree. The prizes are bigger, the hurdles are higher, the pace is faster . . . and the cost of defeat is greater. These Hollywood jockeys risk not merely life and limb, but talent, health, youth and strength in the race for the glittering prizes of film fame and fortune. And always, in the background, are the real gamblers, the quiet-faced producers, the agents, the people who put up the prize money and who bet their own sizeable bank rolls on these racers . . . the men who stand on the sidelines, holding the stop watches, wondering whether their proteges have what it takes to win.

It takes a lot. It takes stamina and courage and persistence. It takes that grim quality which makes a rider stick to his mount and to his course, even though he has lost a stirrup and is blinded for a time by the mud from the heels of the horses which have passed him. Hundreds start and a mere handful finish.

Zowie! Watch out for that hedge, my boy! But the next hurdle is a tougher one . . .

It's a long, rough track, with steep hills and deep gullies. There are five major hurdles and any number of tricky, minor ones. (1) He must have that quality of personality which makes the screen fairly crackle when he appears upon it. (2) This is a 1937 innovation . . . he must be able to project that same personality over the radio where his face doesn't show at all! (3) The time is practically upon him when he may be called upon at any moment to give an adequate account of himself upon the legitimate stage. This particular hurdle is causing a lot of headaches among the old guard just now. (4) He must be able to hold his own with his admirers in formal or casual personal appearances. He must not disappoint them. (5) He must learn to order his private life so that it will not interfere with any of these things . . . so that it will reflect credit upon him . . . so that he may have a balanced, rounded career.

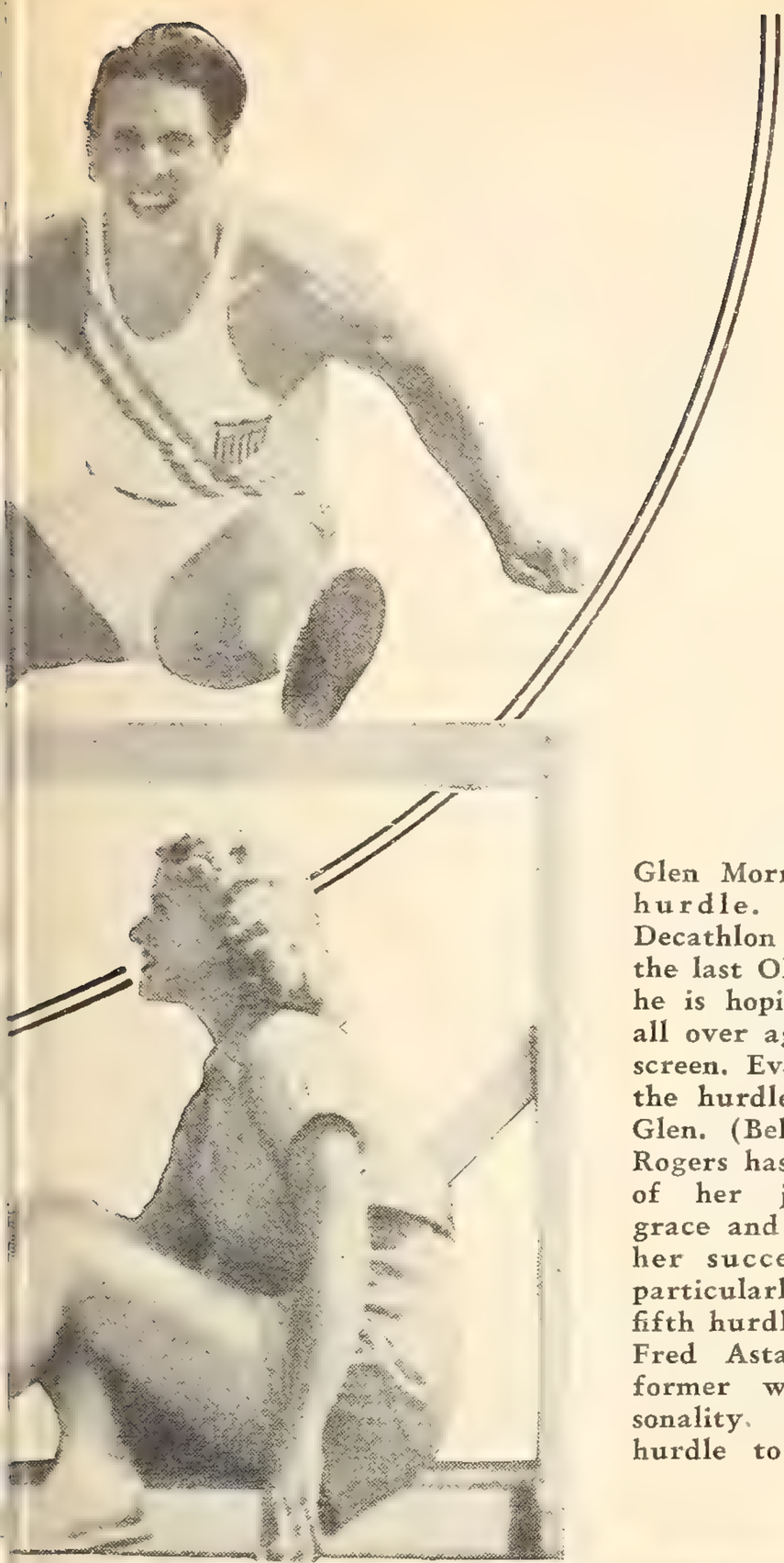
Take out your field glasses and peer at some of the neck-and-neckers in Hollywood's 1937 steeplechase. A surprising variety of ages and experience! But you never know. Sometimes it seems to be young blood which tells . . . and sometimes it is the track-wise, seasoned rider who canters in at the head of the procession, surprising everybody, including himself.

At top is Martha Raye—coming strong. (Above) Bing Crosby, the lad who has four hurdles behind him. (Bottom) The master of them all, Lionel Barrymore.

Maybe you thought that Martha Raye was an inexperienced, a "green" filly. But Martha had taken half her hurdles before you noticed that she was in the race at all! She had trained from the time she was three . . . in vaudeville, in night clubs. She *knew* that she could hold an ordinary audience if she could see it. She didn't know that she could hold a Hollywood audience, and it was one of her stiffest hurdles when she accepted that engagement at the Trocadero, where Hollywood "discovered" her. But Martha knew the grim, rough-and-tumble competition, the kick-'em-in-the-face tactics of the entertainment world. And she knew she was good.

That gave Ginger Rogers and Martha two hurdles each when Martha entered the race. Ginger, too, had had stage experience, knew the feel of an audience. But Ginger had proved herself upon the screen and Martha still had that frightening screen test to make . . . and then the breathless wait to find out how the public would like her in Bing Crosby's "Rhythm on the Range." Ginger was 'way out front.

But wait . . . Martha was gaining . . . there was still another hurdle which Ginger had still to try. Radio. Martha had taken that one with flying colors. Came the day when Fred Astaire was scheduled for his first appearance on the Packard Hour program . . . and he couldn't get there. Ginger blithely took over for him, with only a meager rehearsal, and proved that she had what it took for that one. She lo-oved it . . . and so did the public.



Glen Morris taking a hurdle. He is the Decathlon champion of the last Olympics, and he is hoping to do it all over again for the screen. Even a girl in the hurdle can't stop Glen. (Below) Ginger Rogers has made some of her jumps with grace and charm, but her success depends particularly on that fifth hurdle. (Bottom) Fred Astaire, a performer with a personality. What is a hurdle to a dancer?

The girls were neck and neck again.

Martha seems to be one up, for the time being, on the personal appearances she has been making in New York. New York has greeted her with huzzahs, and the whole nation has heard about it.

But, dear me! There are some others in this 1937 race. There is Fred Astaire, out in front, to be sure, looking pretty sure of himself but showing a bit of weariness from the grueling pace. And who are those two, riding so easily in their saddles, seeming to make no effort at all? Bing Crosby, surely . . . and, as I live and breathe, Lionel Barrymore!

They all trained long and arduously and took some of their hardest hurdles when you and I, perhaps, weren't looking.

Fred conquered the legitimate stage and all personal appearance hurdles long before Hollywood ever saw him. Although he was a man with an important theatrical reputation, his screen hurdle wasn't so easy. After months of waiting and fretting, after more irritating delays than he likes to think about now, his first picture appearance (in "Dancing Lady" with Joan Crawford) proved merely what everyone already knew . . . that he could dance like a very demon.

Even after that it was slow going on a heavy track for Fred until "Gay Divorce" proved that he could put over a song as well as the next one and that he could act with more finesse than a lot of people who were drawing large salaries for acting and who couldn't sing or dance a single tap.

First thing we knew, Bing Crosby was sort of looking over his shoulder and listening to the pounding hooves just behind him, wondering who was threatening his position in the musical picture field.

But then, Bing had taken a major hurdle which Fred hadn't encountered as yet. Bing had conquered radio before he ever attempted the screen. He was radio's darling, its pet, its prize hurdle-jumper. That hurdle had boosted the odds on Bing until even the quiet men with the stop watches had become a bit breathless. What was more, Bing was married, settled, content with his pretty wife and his three husky boys. He had the edge on Fred there, you might have thought.

But—buckity-buckity, hard on his heels came Astaire. When his sister and dancing partner, Adele, married Lord Henry Cavendish and retired from the stage, the wise boys about the track had predicted that the disconsolate Fred would never dance with anyone else. But he did, of course. What was more, he married about four years ago. So seriously did he take this somewhat belated domesticity that when his child was born, a year or so ago, he rented a room at the hospital so that he might be near his family!

The three live quietly and blissfully in Beverly Hills and Fred even finds time to compose successful popular songs in his odd moments. Not content with thus gaining on Crosby in this close race, Fred up and hopped the radio hurdle without ever straining a ligament or creaking a saddle girth. He proved to everyone that he could make that gay personality and those nimble, tap-tapping feet as important and as irresistable to radio audiences as they were on the screen.

Goodness! Just as I was about to train the glasses on that steady horseman, Lionel Barrymore, here came the girls again at a stiff gallop. Ginger has rather fumbled her private life hurdle. Her marriage to Lew Ayres turned out to be a sort of teeter totter of ecstasy and woe—and it hasn't been much different since they separated "forever." The "forever" didn't seem to mean much and the teeter tooter has gone on and on.

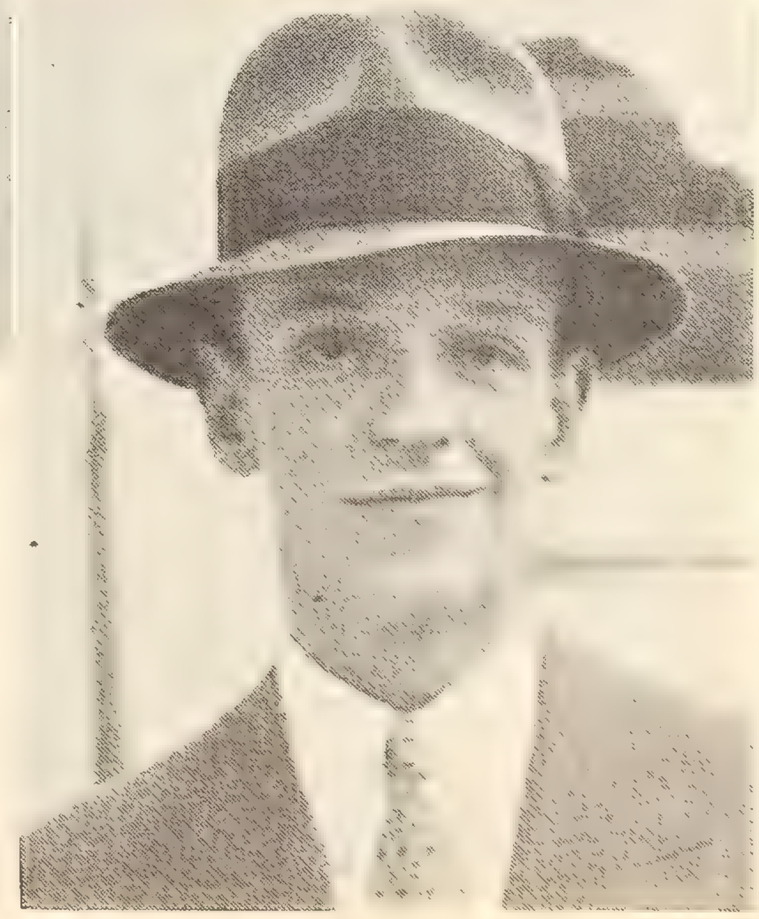
But Ginger has learned to make everyone with whom she has to work like her a lot. The fans love her, too. If she so much as shows the tip of her pert nose at a premiere or a night spot, police reserves must be called at once to prevent her being mobbed.

Martha hasn't quite mastered the art of casual personal contact. This picture success has been pretty abrupt and Martha is very young. She hasn't shown the tact and good nature which she must acquire sooner or later. She married "Buddy" Westmore so very recently that she hasn't had a chance to prove, as yet, whether she can handle her own strenuous career and still make a success of marriage with a business man who has a flourishing and well rounded career of his own.

The girls are still neck and neck—and traveling faster and faster . . .

But still far out in front is that quiet figure, cantering easily, secure in his leadership, Lionel Barrymore. Lionel proved himself upon the legitimate stage before some of these young contenders were born. He jogged along in silent pictures at an even pace—even did some directing, just for fun, to show that there were other hurdles he could take if he put his mind to it. He took an enormous and spectacular spurt when talking pictures burst upon us.

As for radio, Christmas wouldn't be Christmas without Lionel growling and grrr-umphing as "Scrooge" in "The Christmas Carol." But don't think that there haven't been some difficult hurdles for Lionel . . . somewhere in those glades where the spectators do not have a good view. He certainly had one of the happiest domestic lives of any man in pictures. But less than a year ago he lost his wife and since then he has had loneliness and sorrow to combat. He has had physical suffering, too, which only a few people have known about.



He has conquered these things, put his life together, found solace and a well-rounded career in his work and in his hobbies—his etchings, his fishing, his walks in the hills, his real interest in simple, quiet people. Barrymore, despite his handicaps, is far out front in the 1937 steeplechase, and it is a greater triumph for him than it might be for some riders who have found the hurdles lower.

But the prizes . . . how long will they glitter, after they are won?

PROJECTIONS By Elizabeth Wilson

JEANETTE MACDONALD

NO MOVIE struck fan ever looked forward to Hollywood with more eager enthusiasm than Jeanette MacDonald. Having always lived in crowded cities in the East, with the eternal screeching of subways and thundering of elevateds, where humanity in the raw isn't a very pleasant sight, Jeanette, red-headed and imaginative, dreamed of Hollywood as the Promised Land.

Ever since she was a child she had read fan magazines avidly, lingering longingly over pictures of Pickfair, Norma Shearer's swimming pool, and celebrities reeking with chinchilla and diamond bracelets in the forecourt of Mr. Grauman's Chinese Theatre. The magazines and the movie columns said that Hollywood was the most glamorous and carefree place in the world, simply crammed with delightfully mad, merry, big-hearted movie stars, and our Jeanette was not one to doubt the printed word —*then.*

So, when Director Ernst Lubitsch saw her screen test in New York, signed her on a contract and warned her that she must put on more weight before she started working at the Paramount Studio in Hollywood, with Maurice Chevalier in "The Love Parade," Jeanette was so overcome by the thrilling excitement of it all that she had to be placed in ice-packs for observation! But the doctors decided that it wasn't an appendix after all, just excitement, and on the designated day, it was in 1928, Jeanette, on a malted milk diet, caught the Twentieth Century bound for Hollywood.

She arrived expecting glamour and adventure. But, instead, she found Hollywood very sober and serious—the microphone had recently made its appearance and no one seemed to know exactly what to do about it—and instead of the land of promise it turned out to be the land of frayed nerves. (And still is, if you really want to know.)

Those "delightfully mad, merry, big-hearted movie stars" she had read about, who were supposed to lend her a helping hand, seemed to have developed nerves too, and were so busy cutting each other's throat or knifing each other in the back that they had no time for a newcomer.

As a matter of fact, a newcomer from the Broadway stage in those days had the social position of a first class scab, and as such was to be snubbed, thoroughly and effectively. (Jeanette herself describes Hollywood at that time as "a hospital where all the patients expected to die at any moment.") The stars she had worshipped from afar, and had been so anxious to meet, were either abrupt or rude or preoccupied, and not a one of them bothered to live up to her "big-hearted" publicity, with the single exception of Clara Bow.

Clara, the reigning queen of Paramount, and so quickly to be dethroned, invited the "new girl" to lunch right away, tipped her off to the little conceits of Hollywood, and wished her great success in her new career. "Glamour," said Jeanette eating a lonely dinner every night and going to bed at nine because there wasn't anything else to do, "Glamour? Phooey."

Well, if you want to draw parallels, and I don't know why not, my first meeting with Jeanette MacDonald somewhat resembled Jeanette's first meeting with Hollywood. Jeanette expected glamour and found nerves. I expected glamour and found folksyness. I don't know which of us was the most surprised. To me, and to Hollywood in general, Miss MacDonald had been a prima donna ever since the first high note she reached for Mr. Lubitsch. As a prima donna she simply radiated glamour. She was beautiful and cold and detached (the detachment it seems was Hollywood's fault, not hers, but how were we to know that), there was quite a bit of mystery about her, she had a French maid to whom she spoke French, and she had a way of entering a room or set and demanding, "Remove those flowers at once." (How were we to know that flowers, particularly gardenias and tuberoses, give Miss MacDonald good old-fashioned hay fever, runny nose and everything.)

But, best of all, it was rumored, she had the superb temperament of an artiste. She could fly off the handle at a moment's notice, and there was much gossip afloat about knock-down - drag - out fights with Herr Lubitsch, Maurice Chevalier, Louella Parsons, and Louis B. Mayer. The gorgeous MacDonald didn't have red hair for nothing.

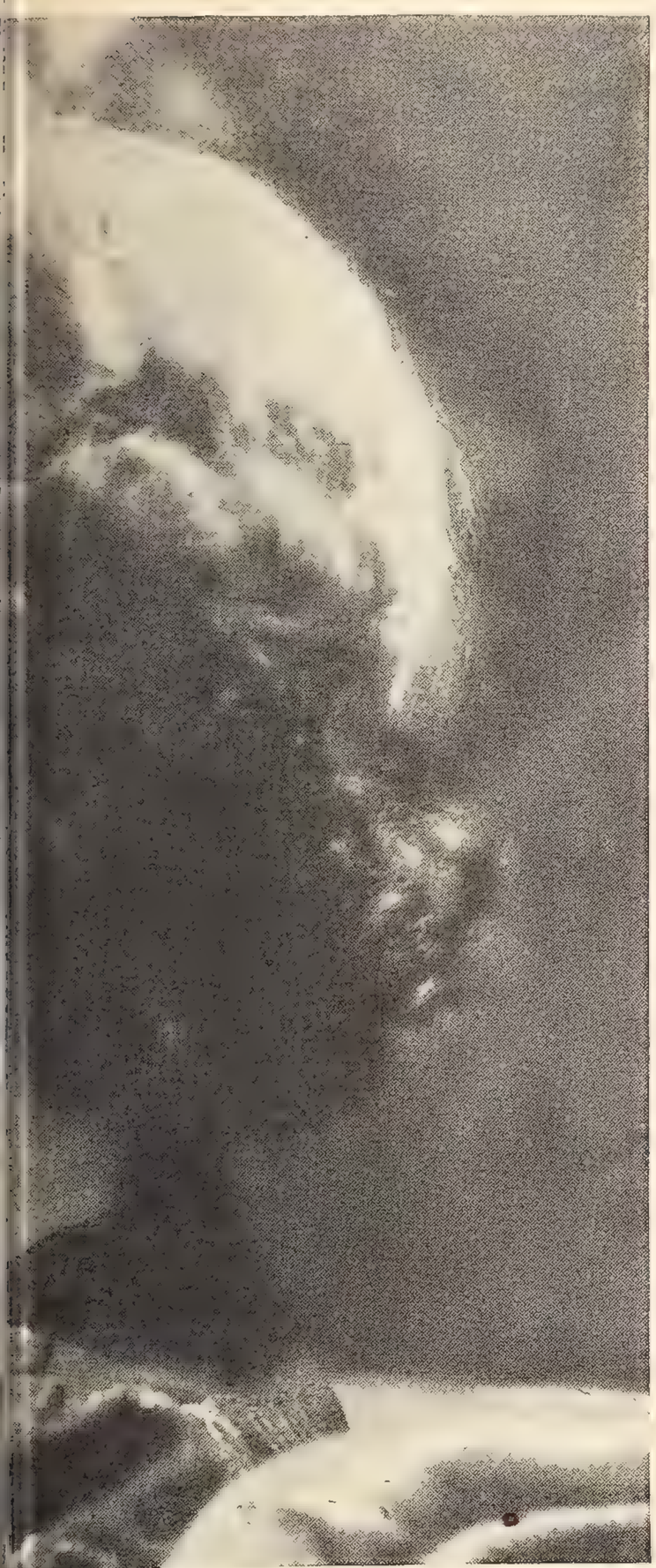
I wouldn't give yesterday's newspaper for an actress without temperament — you've just got to have a good explosion occasionally or how can you have any emotion! Of course, temperamental actresses aren't the easiest in the world to interview, it's sort of like sitting on a keg of dynamite with pencil poised, but temperament is glamour to me, it's like the thrill that comes with the overture right before the curtain rises, and after a session of ingenues who "just love" everything and everybody, I welcomed Jeanette MacDonald as something authentic at last in the line of glamour. If Hollywood let her down, she in turn certainly let me down.

Jeanette, I learned, neither smokes nor drinks because it isn't good for her, and she takes a nap every day because it is good for her. Between pictures she doesn't wear any make-up, prefers to go about in slacks looking as un-movie star-ish as possible, and very often spends an entire day shopping right in the midst of her public which never recognizes her.

There is no shilly shallying when she shops, she knows definitely what she likes and no persuasive, persevering salesgirl can make her change her mind. Her great weakness is scarfs, she probably has a hundred of them. Although very feminine in most respects, she is not particularly clothes-conscious, and has the unhappy faculty of buying a hat and a bag, which she sees in a window, to go with a dress which she never gets around to buying, so she

has about the best mis-matched collection of assessories in Hollywood.

She is very neat and meticulous, labels her dresser drawers, and every night writes a few letters so she won't get behind in her correspondence. She keeps a date book, and schedules each day, such as an hour for her French lesson, for her tennis lesson (she plays lousy tennis), for her singing lesson, for an interview, etc., and she keeps every appointment to the dot. She is the fair-haired child of the publicity department at the Metro studio because if she says she will give an interview on Wednesday at four, two weeks hence, by golly, she gives that interview on Wednesday at four, two weeks hence.



She uses a scentless powder and cannot bear perfume. Perfume, like very fragrant flowers, gives her hay fever. When she was in Honolulu recently on her honeymoon her friends wondered what she would do about the lei situation—after all she couldn't insult the Hawaiian tradition by refusing leis. "Never let it be said that I am not a good trouper," Jeanette wrote back on a card, "I have been wrapped up in leis ever since I got off of the boat and have nearly sneezed my head off."

Off the screen, she admits, she is a very folksy person. She prefers it that way. She never talks about herself but simply adores to plan careers for her friends, or for Hollywood players who are not running in luck. "If I were So-and-So," she will say, "I would break my contract if it took every cent I had. I would go back to the New York stage and—" It's one of her favorite games, this planning successful careers for unfortunate people. She would have made a darned good agent. She is a most appreciative audience for an old joke, for the chances are ten to one that she has not heard it before, and she gives a big hearty laugh which makes you feel pretty clever as a raconteur.

In "The Firefly," her new picture, Jeanette (upper left) dances again. She was dancing on the stage before it was agreed that she had a voice. (Left) Mr. and Mrs. Gene Raymond, or will they be called Mr. and Mrs. Jeanette MacDonald?

Unlike other Hollywood stars she never uses extravagant or affectionate terms. She doesn't go about calling everybody in sight "darling" or "honey" or "sweetheart." You have to know her a long time and be very friendly with her before she will even break down and call you by your first name—and don't ever expect to be kissed! (Which is all right with me.) She calls husband Gene Raymond "Dear" or simply "Gene." They were engaged quite some time before she called him "Dear" in public. She doesn't use swear words and she is a bit on the precise side, one of her favorite expressions being, "I recall quite distinctly." She blushes painfully, all over her throat and ears.

"The plot of the picture?" she said to me the day I met her, "very well. My brother is about to be hanged, but he escapes from prison and for weeks there has been no news of him. No noose is good noose."

"B-b-b-beg pardon?" I said, positive that my own ears had deceived me. The great prima donna punning. It couldn't be. "I'm sorry," I stuttered, "I wrote down 'no noose is good noose' in my notes, you didn't say that did you?"

"Oh, notes to you," said Miss MacDonald, gaily returning to the camera.

It seems that Jeanette is never so happy as when pulling off a pun. Even her best friends can't stop her. She adores puns. To think that I should live to meet a punning prima donna.

"Prima donna" and "temperamental" are two things that Jeanette does not like to be called. Both will throw her into instant fury. That day of our first meeting she happened to read in a newspaper column that she was considered the most temperamental prima donna in Hollywood. "How dare they," she shrieked and for fully fifteen minutes proceeded to pile condemnation on the heads of little people who dared to call her a prima donna, ending with an outburst of "Marie, my hose." Something was definitely wrong with that set-up, and I could hardly keep from laughing. Here was a French maid on her knees putting on Madame's sheer silk hose and Madame in a fine hysterical frenzy because she had been called a prima donna. Folksy—yes—but temperamental too, thank heaven.

Mr. Louis B. Mayer's most famous singing star learned at an early age that people would make a fuss over her if she shrieked loud enough. She was four years old at the time and lived with her mother and father and two older sisters, Blossom and Elsie, in a brownstone front at 5123 Arch Street, Philadelphia. She fell flat on her face down the brownstone steps on to the side walk, and as it was the first fall she had taken in life she felt that it was terribly important. But no one in that neighborhood, albeit in all the world, seemed the least bit concerned that little Jeanette MacDonald was flat on her face. No one hurried to rescue her.

But Jeanette, even at the age of four, had the situation well in hand—she simply took a deep breath, opened her mouth wide, and let out the loudest scream that her little lungs could muster. Immediately her family and all the neighbors, frightened stiff, swooped down upon her, offering her candy and lemonade and begging her to live. Little Miss MacDonald found the results quite satisfactory and made a mental note that in the future when she wanted attention she could always get it with a good lusty scream. It wouldn't be exaggerating too much to say that it was on this day that Jeanette made her debut as an actress with a decided dash of temperament.

Not until she met Director Woody Van Dyke, who has directed her in many of her best successes, including "Naughty Marietta," "Rose Marie" and "San Francisco," did Jeanette come in contact with someone utterly unimpressed by her screaming act. There was the day on the set that Jeanette, in a flare-up because a recording she had made didn't sound right, furiously kicked a studio chair right across the sound stage. "Boy," shouted Van to one of the property men, "bring hammer and nails." He proceeded to nail down all the chairs and everything movable on the set. And what did Miss MacDonald do? She simply died laughing. Call her bluff and you'll break her up every time.

The MacDonalds were neither poor nor rich and the MacDonald kids were sent to Philadelphia public schools and made to take music and dancing lessons in the afternoon. For the most part Jeanette was a tractable, sweet child and a very good little girl both in school and at home, but she did have one very deplorable habit—when people displeased her she would "get even" with them by sticking out her tongue at them behind their backs.

She took part in all the charity and amateur theatricals sponsored by her school, and it was quite evident that the MacDonalds, who had never had an actress in the family before, were just about to have one. One evening, when she was ten, Al White, a singing teacher, called on Mr. MacDonald and nearly bowled over the entire family by offering his youngest the prima [*Continued on page* 69]

The Picture Colony Has Its Champions In Every Line Of Sport.

THERE is something about being an athlete that is fine, fine, fine! This, unmistakably, is the private-life theme song that's being whistled by the best people to know in Hollywood today. "Or at least," amends Carole Lombard with a weather eye on the town's tennis crown, "there's something about trying to be a champion that makes you feel like you're pretty good after all!" She's right, too, in her explanation of the present terrific scramble for the number one spots in the sports that have been the supreme vogue these past three warm months. Even if you can't win the grand first place you get a wallop out of participating in the race. Conversely, it's all too real a fact that if you aren't engaging in some competitive game you may be a star bright to all the distant fans and fannies, but just a sad pill to the local gang!

The athletic clique, you see, is *the* crowd in the screen colony now. As summer ends there is a climaxing surge of excitement. The final ratings are being doled forth. Who're the tops? That's the vital question. To answer it contests are being staged every week-end at stellar homes, and at the swank private clubs. No one talks about anything else but his immediate opponent's technique. Certainly no one wants to get off form at this time by night clubbing; that is, only the golfers are enjoying the swing music at the Hawaiian Paradise. The awards have been given for golf. Meanwhile, Hollywood's big tennis tournament is to be played within a few days and the rivalry in badminton, aquaplaning, swimming, handball, bowling, riding, and ping-pong reaches fever pitch.

The golf champs are Bing Crosby and Katharine Hepburn, and what a battle royal they've had! They've no sudden gray hairs, however, for on the links their attitude was similar; they scorned nervousness. The male runners-up, incidentally, were Richard Arlen, Randolph Scott, and Johnny Weissmuller. The feminine also-rans were Ruby Keeler, Irene Dunne, and Bette Davis.

Hollywood's men golfers chose the Lakeside Country Club, that informal rendezvous scalloping Toluca Lake, for their play-off. Crosby and Arlen are particular pals, even buying homes in the same neighborhood. But when they stepped up to tee off in the semi-finals it was obvious how different they actually are in temperament. Bing has the ideal golfing disposition; I never saw him ruffled once. He drove long shots with an easy accuracy that was maddening. He'd mumble "Come on" to his caddy and off they'd stroll as though merely ambling through a park. With a nonchalance that was all the more amazing because of Dick's tenseness, Bing accepted a mid-iron or a mashie and scooped his ball onto the greens without a second's worry. Dick, on the other hand, extracted every nuance from every minute he was on the course. He tried valiantly to be calm, but he couldn't help running an emotional gamut as he endeavored to keep up with cool-as-a-cucumber Bing. And Crosby, by the way, is the first man ever to cop the movie club's ace honors twice—when he finished with Arlen he took on all the non-actor members and repeated his last year's complete triumph. It all goes to demonstrate, no doubt, that truly he's a mighty man—what with his movie and radio salary, his racetrack and his unequaled fatherhood record! Mrs. Bing, by his explicit wishes, remains an old-fashioned wife, a veritable golf widow who never attempts to beat the pants off her husband at his pet game. Whereas Mrs. Arlen is as enthusiastic as Dick, and when he's out with the boys she's out with the girls.

Eric Rhodes ranks third in swimming, but he's splashing right along. (Below, right) Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone at badminton. (Below, left) Marian Marsh, slickest tennis player.

Glenda Farrell, who plays croquet, goes on record: "I'll be darned if I'll swallow the Pacific behind a speed boat to prove I'm a sport." (Below, right) Bing Crosby and Richard Arlen battling for the golf crown.

Jimmy Stewart and Robert Young are fairway friends, determined, it seems, to show up Humphrey Bogart even though that astute fellow is consistently in the 70's. Humphrey is a money player, picking up all the bets he can. He employs psychology, also; if his opponent has nibs on the birdies Humphrey will ask casually, "Aren't you playing a little over your head?" The result is that the opponent becomes rattled in an agony to excel. Guy Kibbee is, I believe, the greatest inspiration to aspiring amateurs. Because of his short arms he doesn't hit long balls, but he doesn't have to for he's learned to drive straight as a die and inevitably he's good around the greens. He didn't take up golf until he was middle-aged.

It's astonishing to me how polite Katharine Hepburn is when she's on the Bel-Air course. Perhaps the elegant atmosphere suppresses her; it's the most exclusive section of the city. Kate's such a lady when she's attending to her favorite sport. She's an efficient lady, though. When she was in high school she was runner-up for the women's championship of Connecticut and she has the memory in her heart still. I never realized what wiry muscles she has until I saw her in action; she has the strength and the snap of a man. She never flutters; when she looks at her

To Play Is The Thing

By Ben Maddox

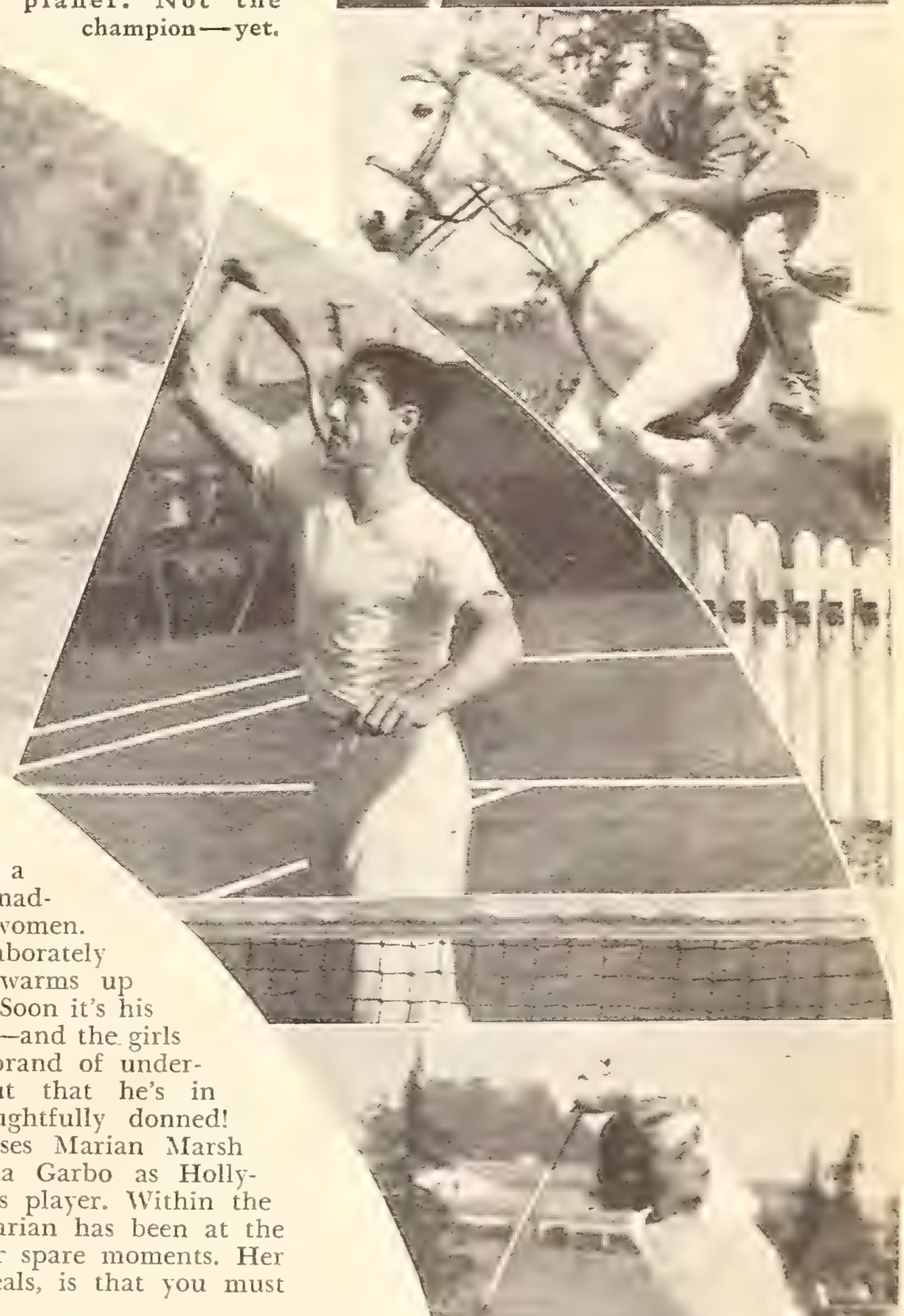
ball it's with an assurance that it's going to go exactly where she wills. Ruby Keeler, averaging in the high 80's compared to Kate's low 80's, has the most beautiful style of all the Hollywood women. Ruby's rhythmic swing is a delight to watch: you want to reach for a chair and hum appreciatively, "Who could ask for anything more?" Irene Dunne, who can legally boast of scoring a hole-in-one twice, is a far more excitable player; when she slices she's plain furious at herself. Hepburn claims a hole-in-one, but she was playing alone and everyone kids her and vows it was lucky she was. Anyway, Kate seldom hooks into the bunkers!

Right now it's the forthcoming decisive tennis tournaments at the West Side Tennis Club that has the racket nuts on their ear with anticipation. Like Lakeside, this rendezvous in the Cheviot Hills is informal, and that's why the stars prefer it. They know it'll be intimate and jolly and they'll meet one another there. There's a supper dance regularly, with the members voluntarily standing up and entertaining. Michael Bartlett sang splendidly the other night, and even Frank Ross (Jean Arthur's husband) gave out with a song; Cesar Romero and Mrs. Ernest Truex danced an exhibition Rhumba. The supper dance lasted all night—who says Hollywood's so dead?—and breakfast was gayly served at six a.m. At seven there were challenge matches.

This social side isn't to be construed as totally overshadowing the serious art of aceing your net opponent to a fare-ye-well, for it doesn't. There are to be mixed doubles in the approaching finals which only full-fledged movie stars can enter. The trophy, a large, resplendent Sheffield bowl, dominates the lobby. It will, of course, be captured by a man, for no actress is yet a Helen Wills. Errol Flynn likely will cart it off because he's by far the finest tennis player among the leading actors. Of course, he had a head start, for once he put on an exhibition during the Wimbledon matches. He may be a rover, but he's very self-possessed when he walks out to spring a service resembling the cannonball serve of Bill Tilden. Errol bears down on his smashing forehand drive so that the ball skims to the end line like—one might authoritatively say—a bat from the bad place. Shortly he's leaping up to volley a high one ten feet off the ground. He's devoted much effort to developing a mean backhand. "I like," he maintains, "to surprise 'em by placing a slasher with reverse English on it!"

Gilbert Roland is most apt to be next high man. He practices oftenest on Connie Bennett's expensive court. Ralph Bellamy, Robert Montgomery, and Fredric March follow in order; each has his own private court where he's assiduously steaming up. Douglas Montgomery has a strip-tease which inadvertently panics the women. He begins a game elaborately garbed and as he warms up removes his sweater. Soon it's his shirt. Then his pants—and the girls find out not what brand of underwear he selects but that he's in athletic shorts, thoughtfully donned!

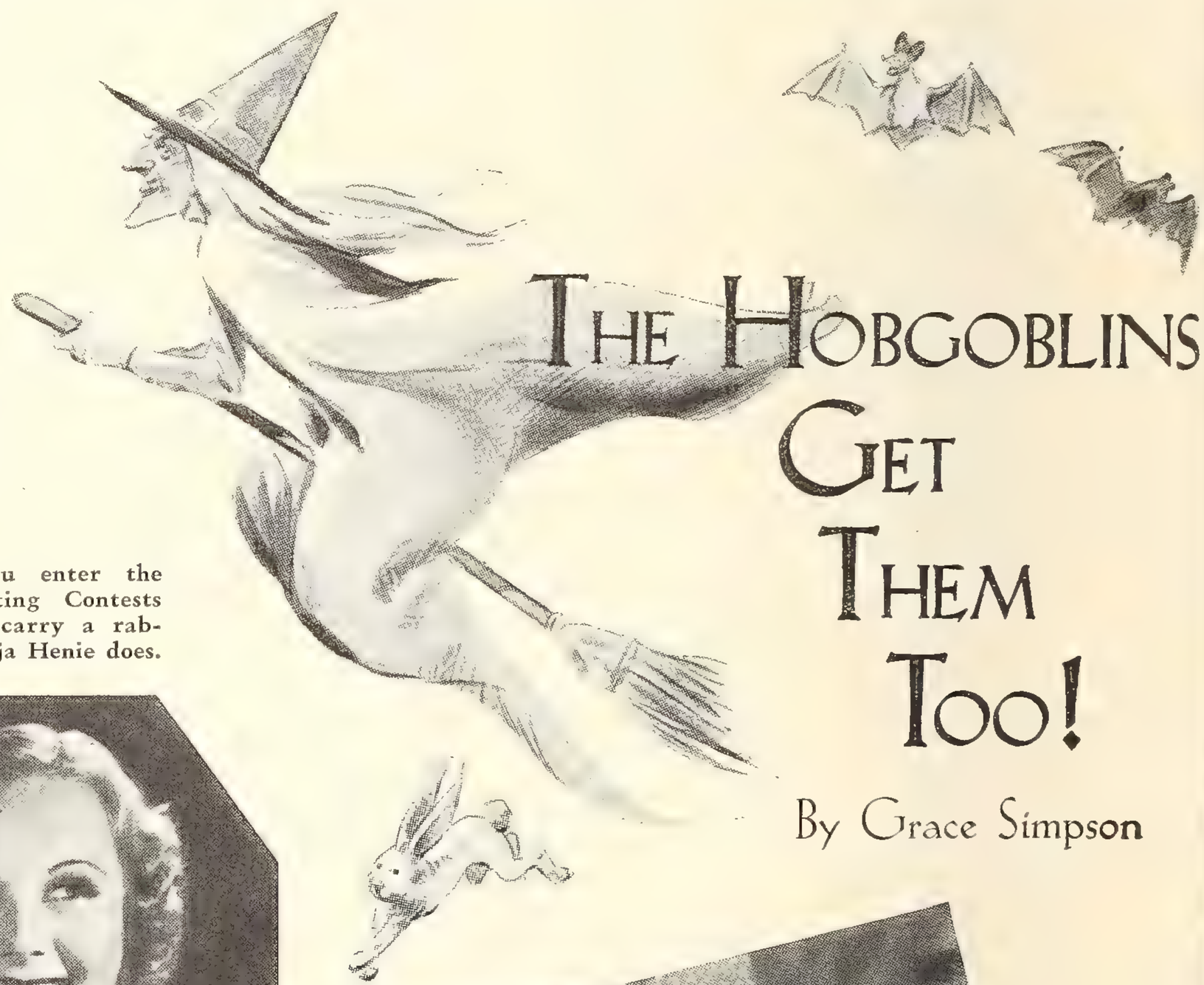
Among the actresses Marian Marsh has superseded Greta Garbo as Hollywood's slickest tennis player. Within the past few months Marian has been at the West Side in all her spare moments. Her pet theory, she reveals, is that you must never default on your second serve; she always gets her serve in on the second chance, for then at least she has an opportunity to play the point. She looks like Dresden china, but she has a remarkable stamina as I fear Ginger Rogers and Jeanette MacDonald will discover to their regret. Virginia Bruce and Betty Furness can't keep up with her—Marian's two brothers have unquestionably encouraged her to be athletic. Garbo would enjoy competing this year; she'll only play with others on Dolores Del Rio's court though. Most frequently her opponent is a cutter from Metro, and she has this [*Continued on page* 67]



Fay Wray, usually the winner at table tennis. (Below, right) Ray Milland on his steeplechaser. (Left) Allan Jones, aquaplaner. Not the champion—yet.

(Above) When Errol Flynn plays tennis he wins—anybody, anywhere, anytime (and that takes in a good deal of territory). (Right) Ruby Keeler's swing is a thing of ineffable beauty.

The Big Money Stars Know That They Are Very Lucky BUT Suppose Their Luck Should Change?



THE HOBGOBLINS GET THEM TOO!

By Grace Simpson

EVER since Adam and Eve first roamed that bit of earth known as their Garden of Eden, various superstitions have been handed down to us. For instance, Friday the 13th is generally supposed to be a most unlucky day; walking under a ladder, too, 'tis said, will bring dire results. On the other hand, there are those who cherish a rabbit's foot, a horseshoe, a piece of jewelery or a certain coin to bring them good luck.

Sailors, stage actors and film folk have always been the greatest believers in omens and a recent look around Hollywood has convinced me that our screen players are getting "worser and worser" in this respect.

To begin with, Jeanette MacDonald, who is very superstitious, thinks it is bad luck to turn back once she has started anywhere. She refuses to exercise woman's time-honored privilege of changing her mind! And she has a good luck horseshoe made for her by John Sexton, 73-year-old blacksmith, who has made his old-fashioned calling pay in the movies. Sexton was hired to shoe a horse for a scene in "Firefly." He made and presented the charm to Jeanette on the set. It is no bigger than a half dollar, but she wouldn't part with it, she says, for dollars and dollars!

George O'Brien positively won't change his make-up box, for fear it will change his luck with it! He still uses the old cigar-box that he started out with, and all the powers-that-be can't get him to put it aside for another of modern design.

Sonja Henie is a great believer in fate, providence, and ultimate destiny—to say nothing of astrology. She has a horror of dropping and breaking a mirror, particularly if it's her own. And she always wears a tiny rabbit's foot over her heart whenever she skates. Once she lost this good luck token during an exhibition in London but quickly picked it off the ice without the crowd knowing what had happened.

Greta Garbo, Hollywood's favorite woman of mystery, is also pictured as a person ruled by superstitions. Publicity workers at Metro-Goldwyn - Mayer studio reveal that the dynamic star of stars recently played a sort of hide-and-seek game on the lot, just to avoid seeing Charles Boyer, who played opposite her in "Conquest." It is one of Garbo's deep-rooted superstitions, they say, not to see or talk to her leading man until the first day's shooting.

Whenever you enter the Olympic Skating Contests be sure you carry a rabbit's foot. Sonja Henie does.

Another pet idea is that she must wear a belt in at least one costume during a film. Studio designers are always prepared for this whim.

Also, Greta is said to believe that the "B" in her last name is very lucky, but she fights the appearance of the letter in the title of any of her pictures! Furthermore, she is superstitious about stray black cats, about signing autograph books and killing spiders! And she will never answer the telephone until she has first counted to ten!

Arthur Veary Treacher confesses he is the most superstitious man he's ever heard of. If he hits a wall with one elbow, he always hits the other for fear he'll be faced with a disappointment! Then, too, he refuses to stroll under ladders; doesn't like to look at new money except at new moon time; positively won't look at the moon through a window, but thinks it extremely lucky to see a black cat!

Being Irish, you'd think that Maureen O'Sullivan would have all manner of superstitions, now wouldn't you? Surprisingly, she has very few. One is seeing her pictures looking down at her from billboards and such—she thinks seeing them is a sign of good luck. The only other things that bring her real good luck, she says, are four-leaf clovers, and she always tries to have one or more on hand.

Mary Astor believes that cameos bring her the best of luck and so she most always wears one or carries one in her purse. "Besides that," laughs Mary, "I think it is good luck to work in a scene—yes, even a powerful love scene—with an actor to whom one has not been introduced! Furthermore, I feel that it is an omen of bad fortune if the very first scene taken on a new picture is good!" This superstition is probably based on that old saying that "a good beginning means a bad ending."

Marlene Dietrich thinks it is unlucky to drop a fork at the table. And here, all the time, we had been thinking it was only bad manners! Erin O'Brien-Moore is superstitious to the extent of not hanging a single picture of herself in her home; Frances Farmer, just for luck, whistles before each scene of every picture she's in; and Edward Arnold never is without a little gold-

Joan Crawford expects a baby's shoe to keep bad luck away.

mounted rabbit's foot which he had made for good luck.

Mary Livingstone is superstitious about removing her wedding ring and, so far, she's only done it once in her life.

Recently before the cameras for her first day's work in a motion picture, Mary found herself torn between sentiment and duty--all over the little wedding band.

"You cannot," said Robert Florey, director of Paramount's "This Way, Please," in which the noted radio star makes her screen debut, "wear a wedding ring while playing the role of a picture theatre usherette who is unmarried."

"O I hate to take it off. I never have, and I won't, either, without first talking to Jack (Jack Benny, her husband)," she said.

"Oh, go ahead, Mary," he grinned. "I'll tell everybody we're married!"

Black cats mean a lot to Arthur Treacher. (Right) Mary Livingstone, who won't take off her wedding ring.

Maureen O'Sullivan, from the land of the shamrock, puts her trust in four-leaf clovers.

Can you imagine a star like Victor McLaglen (he's one of the outsizes) getting jittery over birds?

On the other hand, this superstition about removing wedding rings is casually dismissed by Franchot Tone. His marriage to Joan Crawford was a double ring ceremony and, until recently, the gold band had never been off his finger. But, for a certain picture in which he was supposed to be a bachelor, the director suggested that if he were superstitious about taking off his ring, it might be covered with adhesive and make-up.

"Don't bother," said Tone. "I have no superstition of that sort and will remove the ring for the scenes. If I were superstitious, however, I would believe that love could triumph over bad omens and that removing a ring could not in any way affect a really happy marriage!"

Friend wifey, though, otherwise known as Joan Crawford, is quite superstitious and carries a small black baby slipper with her always and insists it is her one good luck piece. She will never make up unless that tiny patent leather shoe is on her dressing table where she can plainly see it all the time.

Carole Lombard, Simone Simon, Miriam Hopkins, Rochelle Hudson, Mae West and June Lang are all very superstitious—even to the extent of consulting fortune tellers before starting on new pictures! Pola Negri and Clara Bow even used to show a certain noted seer of Hollywood their new picture scripts and would wait patiently until he read them through, anxious for his comments. If his opinion happened to be unfavorable, then they would try to get out of playing the part!

Victor McLaglen is superstitious about having live birds in the house, also about raising umbrellas indoors. And he once told me no one could persuade him to enter a dressing room where a camel-back trunk is placed. "And I always prefer to use a second-hand trunk or grip rather than a brand new one," he told me. "Having a new one, or buying one, seems to bring me bad luck," he added.

Madge Evans believes that all the little china elephants she has around her house are bound to bring her good luck as well as keep the bad luck away!

Claudette Colbert is superstitious about planning a vacation trip—for fear it won't come off. "It's pitiful how many times in the past I've been all packed and ready to go somewhere and then have something pop up to keep me at home!" she sighs.

Ronald Colman is superstitious about speaking the first lines of a new picture. He simply will not do it, that's all. He insists on other players of the cast speaking their's first. After one line has been spoken—by some other actor or actress—then Ronald feels much happier!

Ginger Rogers believes it is bad luck to lay hats or umbrellas or suit-cases on beds and also to whistle in your dressing room. Outside of that, she's not so superstitious!

But, possibly the oddest superstition of all is that held by Helen Vinson (Mrs. Fred Perry). She believes it lucky to break a mirror, and does break one every birthday! She did it first some years ago when a kid, and the birthday brought a happy surprise she never expected—a live pony!

BUT NOT

WHEN a trio of widely-separated little boy babies first blinked unseeing eyes at a strange world some forty-odd years ago, their adoring parents had no inkling that years later the world would come to hate—on the screen, of course—their respective offspring.

"Aha," beamed Signor Ciannelli, in Naples, Italy, as he gazed enraptured upon young Eduardo, "the bambino shall become a great surgeon."

"A famous statesman, surely, Claude will grow to be," murmured Mrs. Rains, in a London slum, cradling her new-born babe in delicate young arms.

"Yes," responded mining engineer Mr. Rathbone to his wife's question, down there in Johannesburg, South Africa, "I hope Basil will take after me; or, better still, be a captain of industry."

Of course, as each of the trio—Eduardo Ciannelli, Claude Rains and Basil Rathbone—lay in his crib, he hadn't very much to say upon the subject . . . but at the time it sounded pretty swell. Why not, they probably asked themselves — that is, if they had been old enough to think—such a future would be top-hole . . . we shall see what we shall see.

But all that was some forty-odd years ago. Their fortunes varied thereafter, but each arrived through devious means at the same station in life . . . each achieved the position of top-ranking actor, specializing in villainous roles that caused him to be hissed and hated for his roguery. No more adept or rascally "heavies" exist on the screen today than this trio whose lives and careers we're about to delve into, for the sake of paralleling their merits.

Eduardo Ciannelli as he is in real life and (left) as a sly, black-hearted menace. The semi-circle shows Claude Rains in a part in which he created a personality entirely different from other roles that he has played.

"My father wanted me to be a doctor," states Ciannelli, whom you'll recall for his Trock in "Winterset" and his Johnny Vanning in "Marked Woman," with Bette Davis. Of medium height and rather stocky build, with intense hazel eyes and dark hair through which his strong slender fingers often ran in restless fashion, he spoke in a voice that was soft, his lined mobile face expressing as much as his words. "My father studied medicine himself and believed that a great future lay ahead for me in this field.

"But it was no use. I studied for several years, in Italy, but the urge to sing surged within me too strongly to be ignored, so I turned to opera singing. I sang in every capital in Europe."

Deep in his heart, the Italian—only half Italian, by the way, for his mother was English—had known since boyhood that eventually he would be a singer. All his time and energy as a lad had been expended toward this end, albeit unconsciously. As he grew older he came to realize this, and finally made the decision that was to mould his life.

Educated both in South Africa and England, Basil Rathbone entered business at the behest of his father, but, like the younger Ciannelli, he found his tastes ran elsewhere. Commerce held absolutely no allure for him, but the stage became an all-absorbing interest. So, to the stage he directed his attention, with the result that he made his dramatic debut in Shakespeare.

Both Ciannelli and Rathbone were born of prosperous parents. On the other hand, Claude Rains' early life was one of privation and hardship.

At ten, to provide for his mother, he became a call boy in a London theatre. Less than a pound a week the job paid, but it stirred the desire to act.

"I made up my mind the very first day I was in the theatre someday to be a great actor," Rains says, "and that beacon never left me all the years I was fighting for recognition. Carpenter, property man, prompter, stage manager . . . I was all of them, and each taught me something new, something valuable about acting. I was a skilled performer when finally I got my chance to appear before the public years later."

Tremendous force characterized each of this trio as they embarked upon their chosen profession. For Ciannelli, he had to vie with the greatest voices in Italy; Rathbone was obliged to contend with many young actors possessed of far more experience than he in the interpretation of Shakespeare; and Rains was handicapped by an impediment in his speech in the pursuit of his goal. That all, through sheer determination and hard work, succeeded in their individual aims is proof of their terrific driving power, a quality which even today is one of their greatest traits. Stubbornly ambitious, all were fighters of extraordinary fibre.

The World War retarded their respective careers. Although of artistic temperament, each joined the colors at the very outset of the conflict . . . and emerged with honors and distinction. Shortly thereafter, Ciannelli came to America, Rains and Rathbone following later.

"I had been in most parts of the world, but never the United States," the Italian relates. "I came over to sing, possibly for a few months. I have been here ever since.

"America amazed, thrilled me. It was so vast. In Europe, one can go from one country to another within a few hours. Here, in America, the journey across the continent required days. I decided I would make my home here.

"But, first of all, I had to learn the language. I knew Italian, naturally, and French and some Russian . . . but, despite my mother's nationality, I had never learned English. So, for weeks, months, I studied, until I could properly express myself. And the longer I remained in this country the better I liked it. It was so beautiful, so democratic, so informal . . . the people so friendly. It was what I had always dreamed of finding."

While Ciannelli embarked for America on his own, so to speak, Rains and Rathbone were sponsored by New York stage producers. Rains appeared in "The Constant Nymph," and Gilbert Miller brought Rathbone to this country to make his Broadway debut opposite Doris Keane in "The Czarina." Both players had acted in America before the War—Rains on Broadway, Rathbone with a touring Shakespearean company—but their re-

So Wicked

Three Unscrupulous Villains, Upon Analysis, Turn Out To Be Gentlemen Of Culture.

By Whitney Williams

spective efforts after the War provided the necessary impetus to establish each as a highly capable actor.

You're wondering how Ciannelli became an actor, why he abandoned opera singing for the stage? The circumstances are typical of the man and show clearly his mettle.

"I hadn't been in America long before I realized there was little opera over here," is the way he explains the step. "When I arrived in New York, I had hoped I would find many companies. Instead, I found only one . . . the Metropolitan.

"I sang here and there, but in America my heart wasn't in grand opera. I looked about me, and finally Henry Savage, the producer, asked me if I would like to take a part in a musical comedy. I assured him I would, and he cast me in 'Lady Billy,' with Mitzi. I liked it so well that I decided I would remain in this newer and more sprightly medium. After 'Lady Billy,' I sang one of the principal roles in 'Rose Marie.' "

Is it difficult to associate this man whom you know as a master-menace with musical comedy? Consider, then, his impersonation of Telegin in "Uncle Vanya," some years later, a part filled with sympathy and appeal. And the deeply emotional Dr. Agramonte in "Yellow Jack."

Strange as it may seem, each of the three actors under our microscope first won fame for his straight interpretations. Rathbone for years was known as a romantic idol, Rains one of the Theatre Guild's leading stars and Ciannelli an actor who could wring the hearts of any audience with his dramatic intensity.

"Until 'Winterset,' " Ciannelli discloses, "I was never considered a heavy. I had played a few menacing characters, notably Diamond Louie in 'The Front Page,' but principally my work had been strictly dramatic.

"Guthrie McClintic, the playwright-producer, called me in one day and asked if I would do Trock in his production of 'Winterset.' At first, I didn't want to do it . . . the character was so revolting, so against all principles and human nature, that I was fearful of its reaction with the public. But the part was so gripping that I felt I couldn't refuse."

It was his splendid work in this play that led directly to his being called to the screen. Burgess Meredith, the star, and Margo had been signed to enact their roles in the film version of "Winterset," and it was only just and fitting that Ciannelli should appear, too. With his enactment of Trock the screen saw one of its most sinister characterizations, and movie fans the country over realized that here was one of the most macabre figures they had ever viewed in a picture.

Claude Rains, too, made his screen debut in a "heavy" role, although not until the last scene did audiences see his face. He portrayed the title role in "The Invisible Man," and the part truly carried out the theme of the title. While not at first linked with villainous parts, Basil Rathbone, shortly after entering films, became identified with this form of acting.

So our trio now is in Hollywood—after years of distinguished service on the Broadway stage—where they are acknowledged leaders in the field of screen villainy. For his acting in "Winterset" and "Marked Woman" alone, Ciannelli would be hailed anywhere as a monster . . . cinematically speaking, of course. Rains would be hissed in any language for his evil slyness in "Anthony Adverse," "Crime Without Passion" and "They Won't Forget." And Rathbone's infamy in such pictures as "David Copperfield," "Tale of Two Cities," "Love from a Stranger" and "Confession" places him in the same category.

Deep-dyed heavies, all of them, they are, at the same time, velvet-handed villains!

Many a mark of similitude knits these three actors together, as they pause in their persecutions of the hero and heroine in whatever films they may appear. Each is intensely serious, studious, retiring.

"I have no time nor inclination for the social life of the colony," Ciannelli expresses himself, and in this statement is reflected the attitude of Rains, too. Like Rathbone, they are both married, but Rathbone entertains occasionally upon a rather grand scale. However, these affairs which he and his wife tender their friends are few and far between. Generally, he prefers the quietude of his home, with his wife (Ouida Bergere, the scenarist) and his son, of a former marriage, who has recently come over from England to live with his father for a while. It is rumored that he may follow in Rathbone's footsteps and carve out a career for himself on the screen. Ciannelli has two sons, one of whom is very fond of drawing, but they are both too young to come to any definite conclusions about so far as future professions are concerned.

While widely divergent in type and appearance, one characteristic is common to all three actors. This is . . . a powerful and vibrant voice which can, on occasion, be as soft as a mother's caress.

Look back upon either "Winterset" or "Marked Woman," and you may recall that much of the menace in Ciannelli's presence was occasioned by the inflections of his voice. This is true, too, with all Rains' interpretations, and [*Continued on page* 67]

In "Make a Wish," Basil Rathbone and Donald Meek. (Above) A "close-up" of Rathbone, the man whose villainous roles make any picture intense and dramatic. (Right, above) Claude Rains, once a poor unknown boy in London, and now the sun never sets on his pictures.

Do You Think The Girls In Pictures Have As Good A Chance As The Men?

It's A Man's World

By Janet Graves

REMEMBER the unfortunate movie heroines of a few years ago who used to go around lamenting that ours is a man's world? The poor downtrodden Hollywood actresses might well say the same of filmland—it *is* a man's world.

Did someone ask, "What about Garbo and Dietrich, Shearer and Colbert?" It's true, the realm of motion picture acting is apparently ruled by the glamour queen, lavishly gowned, lovingly photographed, invariably surrounded by several of those adoring stooges, her leading men.

But the glorified queen of the movies, like most crowned monarchs today, is shackled by foolish customs and tabus that keep her from being anything but a pretty figurehead, doomed to be merely decorative, while unglorified mugs like Tracy and Cooper and Bogart keep the real supremacy over the ranks of screen players.

When Bette Davis goes into a character she gives it everything, and breaks the studio rules. She is an artist. (At right) The beautiful Miriam Hopkins. Glamour means nothing to her.

When we consider actual achievements in the expression of character upon the screen, we find film actresses, for all their grace and seductive qualities, lagging far behind the heroes and villains and sturdy character-men. Why? Why has Hollywood recently produced no all feminine films to compare with "Beau Geste," "Lost Patrol," "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," or "Captains Courageous"?

Hollywood is rich in actresses who are ready to stand proudly beside their masculine colleagues—as soon as more scenario-writers begin to regard women as people. The roles given to most feminine stars are cut out on a standard pattern, though styles may change from year to year.

Way back in the silents, actresses were either sweet like Mary Pickford or wicked like Theda Bara. With the early talkies came the gallant lady—Joan Crawford or Norma Shearer, wearing her hair over one eye and loudly demanding to live her own life. For the last few years the whimsical heroine has been much with us, whether the lovable and regular type, like Myrna Loy and Claudette Colbert, or the spoiled, capricious darling, like Ginger Rogers and Carole Lombard.

When a scenarist is assigned to write a vehicle for a feminine star, it seldom seems to occur to him to create an intelligible character for the actress to play. He seems to be chiefly absorbed in concocting scenes that give the star a chance to gallop through a variety of spectacular emotions. This is known as gamut-running. It's a type of acrobatics, a little less honest than the vocation of the man on the flying trapeze.

Garbo astonishes her fans by her ability to laugh as well as register woe. Sidney weeps one moment, and smiles through her tears the next. Stanwyck does her big denunciation specialty. Hepburn sweeps from stormy defiance to tender, dewy-eyed naivete. Luise Rainer overwhelms gullible critics by giving a performance in "The Great Ziegfeld" consisting entirely of impending or actual hysterics.

We were battered with ballyhoo about Elisabeth Bergner, the great foreign actress. And when we finally got a look at the lady, what did we see? Just a good old-fashioned gamut-runner.

All the "Madame X" stories of self-sacrificing mother love are golden opportunities for gamut-running, swinging the star from ecstasy to misery, from beruffled youth to bedraggled old age.

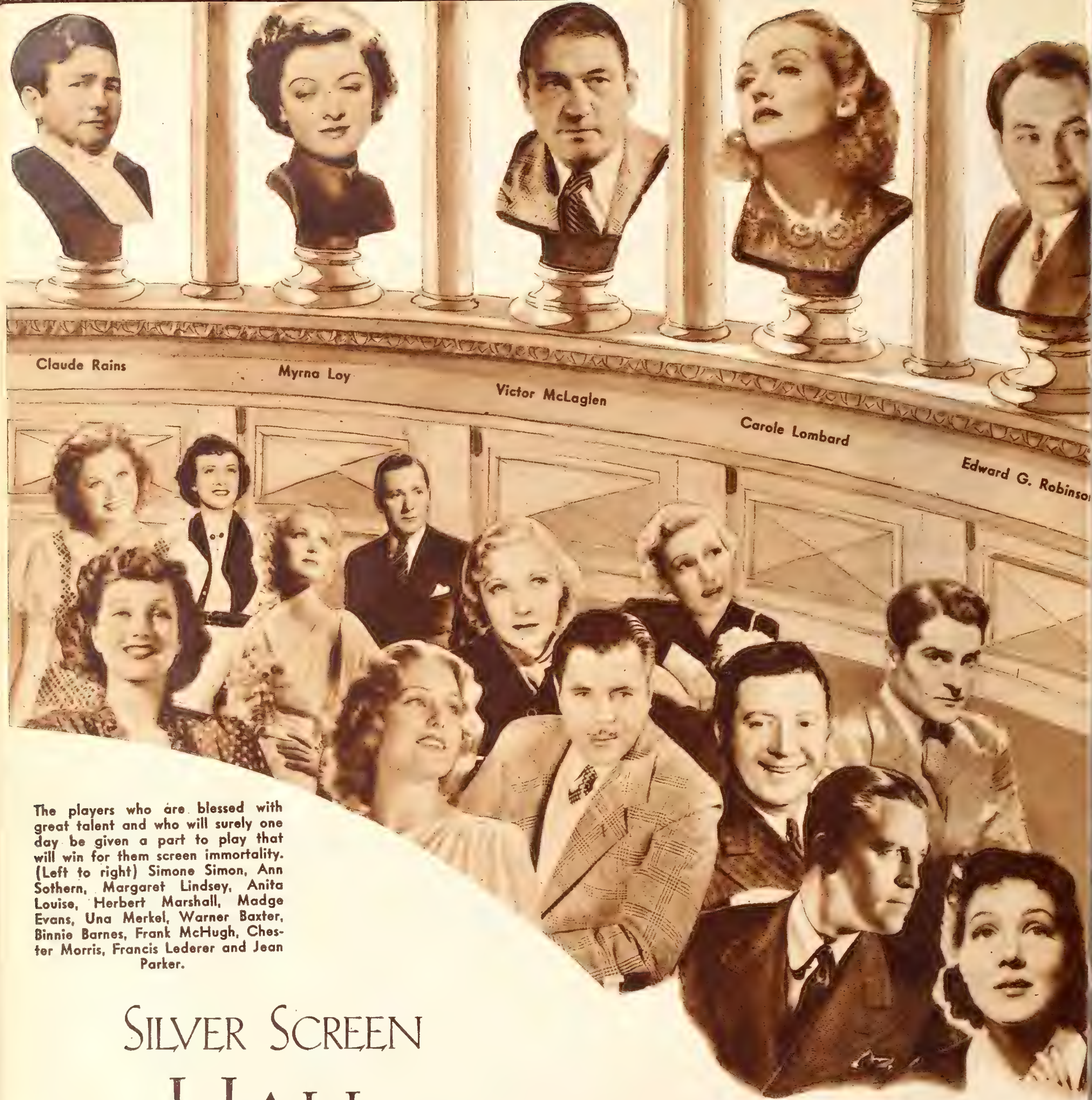
In the midst of all the emotional fireworks, true character is ignored. We never forget that we are watching a famous star show off her skill. We never get inside the character, to find out *why* this woman feels and acts as she does.

But it isn't entirely the scenario-writer's fault that film actresses are laggard. They are often held back by their absorbing concern with their own looks. A convincing characterization is impossible while the actress is devoting so much effort to being beautiful.

This is why the screen has so few good comediennes. In "Love on the Run" there was a scene where the two stars were supposed to do a comic minuet. Great Lover Gable clowned it solemnly, with clumsy dips and bows. But Joan Crawford clung self-consciously to her dignity. She insisted on being very graceful; her only contributions to the humor of the film were occasional cute expressions. On the [*Continued on page* 65]

After time out, Frances Dee has resumed her screen work.

Wayne Morris
Michael Whalen
(Above) Del Fola
Olympe Bradna
(Above) Dorothy Lamour
Tyrone Power
(Above) Marsha Hunt
Gloria Dickson
Beverly Roberts
Nan Grey
Ray Milland
Sonja Henie
Jane Wyman
John King
(Left to Right)
Frieda Inescourt
Lucille Ball
Ann Sheridan
Gladys George
Joan Fontaine
Jean Rogers
Doris Weston



The players who are blessed with great talent and who will surely one day be given a part to play that will win for them screen immortality. (Left to right) Simone Simon, Ann Sothern, Margaret Lindsey, Anita Louise, Herbert Marshall, Madge Evans, Una Merkel, Warner Baxter, Binnie Barnes, Frank McHugh, Chester Morris, Francis Lederer and Jean Parker.

SILVER SCREEN HALL OF FAME

Ten Actors And Actresses Who Have Won A Place In Our Hearts And Honored Standing Among The Screen Immortals.

DOWN the corridors of your memories there are enshrined many never-to-be-forgotten players of the screen. They have, through their gifts and talents, created moving, living, breathing characters that are remembered just as real people who weave themselves into the fabric of your own experience.

The players in Hollywood go to the movies. In fact, they have projection machines in their homes, and they almost reverence the great performances that stand out from the plays of the past. The actors and actresses of the studios are impatiently waiting the day when they will get the opportunity to portray a character that will gain for them a niche in the Gallery of Honored Screen Artists.

Since "Anna Christie" and "Queen Christina," Greta Garbo has held a place in our affections and in our respect. Gary Cooper belongs among the screen geniuses. Bette Davis, Spencer Tracy, Sylvia Sidney, Edw. G. Robinson, Carole Lombard, Victor McLaglen, Myrna Loy and Claude Rains are in your very special treasured memories and ours as well.

Silver Screen's Hall of Fame may not be made of marble and bronze, but it testifies to our sincere desire to give honor to these players who have given great art to the screen and so much pleasure to all of us.

(Left to Right) George Raft, Dick Powell, Gail Patrick, Frank Morgan, Robert Young and Joan Bennett. When will they reach Our Hall of Blessed Memories?

THE
PUBLIC

From left to right, th
Ella Logan, Jessie
Ruby Keeler, Elear
ney, Buddy Ebsen,

Even The W
Barbaric Gyr
Savages Stir T
Good Danci
Expression
Rhythm An
Of Music,
Dancing Ha
Its Peak In

Kay Franc

THE OLD RELIABLES

Even Though Some Of These Players Are Young And Beautiful They Have All Been On The Screen For More Than Eight Years. What Could Be More Appropriate Than To have The Granite Mountainsides Of The Sierras Carved Into Likenesses Of The Motion Piciure Stars Who Have Served Us So Nobly And Well?

ON THE Black Hills of South Dakota, sculptors are cutting huge portraits in stone to endure for all time. Near the foothills of the mountains, in Hollywood, there are men and women who have given their lives to the making of pictures. As the day draws to a close the last lingering shafts of sunlight catch the snowy peaks of the mountains. The day is done.

In hundreds of theatres throughout the country the evening show begins and there, standing out from the over-publicized beauties, are the old reliables of the movie shows, men and women whom we have seen on the screen for years playing parts brilliantly and honestly.

The film story draws to its close, and the audiences pour out into the streets and go happily to their homes with a feeling of happiness deep in their hearts because once more they have seen their old friends—Lionel Barrymore, Richard Dix, Harry Carey, Wallace Beery, Jean Hersholt, Paul Lukas and all the others. We know that they are well and we are glad to have our lives brightened again by these gentle well-loved players of the world of make-believe.

PICTURES FOR

Billy Halop and Sylvia Sidney in "Dead End."

Spencer Tracy and Luise Rainer in "Big City."

William Lundigan, Kent Taylor and Irene Hervey in "The Lady Fights Back."

Lee Bowman and Gertrude Michael in "Sophie Lang Goes West."

Mischa Auer and Madeleine Carroll in "It's All Yours."

Jack Haley and Ann Sothern in "Danger —Love at Work."

AUTUMN SCREENS

Douglass Montgomery and Jean Parker in "Life Begins With Love."

Loretta Young and Virginia Bruce in "Wife, Doctor and Nurse."

Grant Mitchell, Alan Hale, Nino Martini and Joan Fontaine in "Music for Madame."

John Howard, Reginald Denny and John Barrymore in "Bulldog Drummond Comes Back."

Ginger Rogers and Katharine Hepburn in "Stage Door."

Tullio Carminati and Grizelda Hervey in "Look Out For Love."

To Be Truly Successful In Any Of The Fascinating Careers For Women, One Of The Prime Requisites Is—Learn To Dress Cleverly As Well As Charmingly.

A striking two piece dress of grey flat surfaced wool with three-quarter length bell sleeves and a swallow-tail tunic, is worn by Ann Sheridan. A luxurious Mink scarf enriches this street ensemble, which is worn with brown suede hat and accessories. (Above, right) Lucille Ball wearing a cypress green angora sweater, made like a tailored blouse.

(Below) For mild autumn days, Maurine O'Sullivan is really the last word in this smartly quilted black satin box jacket worn over a severely simple black wool dress. Her matching black satin toque features long tassels and a touch of Krimmer fur. (Right) Anna Lee, the English star, looking extremely chic in a brick-red and beige wool two-piece suit in diamond paned design, which can be worn under a fur sports coat when the weather demands.

(Left) A charming black crepe frock is sponsored by Ann Sheridan, and relies for distinction upon the unique fashion in which it is shirred at waist and shoulder-line. (Above) Harriet Hilliard wearing a cinnamon flannel sports dress pin-striped in white which depends upon its interesting "line" arrangement for effect, as well as its huge white pique collar and cuffs.

(Right, above) Fur coats are not o tremendously comfortable on cold bl tery days , but they are practical as w because they can be revamped eve year—until they wear out. Besides whi they are generally more than flatterir At left and right, Irene Hervey fav tailored swagger models, of muskrat a Hudson Seal, with the trim new John collars. Center—Marsha Hunt in a l cious cocoa ermine that can go places the evening also, and Virginia Bruce a very elegant Mink cape worn over draped black crepe frock. This can double duty, too.

Prepare For A Smart Winter!

NOBODY realizes as much as the screen players the necessity of looking one's best at all times. They are too intelligent to be caught wearing "any old thing in their wardrobe." In fact, they never allow ill-fitting, unbecoming or out-of-date clothes to accumulate in their wardrobes, and neither should any clever woman who wishes to put her best foot forward always, whether she wishes to make an impression or not.

(Below) Ann Sheridan's pebble weave black satin formal gown is so exquisitely draped that it must make her the cynosure of all eyes. Two jeweled clips accent the low bodice, and the graceful back straps are drawn through a ring of satin and then crossed.

The extremely charming Annabella, whom we grew to love in "Wings Of The Morning," has just the right air of nonchalance in this casual platinum flat caracul model worn over a black velveteen skirt and Wallis blue wool crepe jacket.

Mary Livingstone and Jack Benny, the radio masters who are now screen stars. Why, how do you do! (Right) Lynne Carver at the piano to enliven a location troupe including Robert Young, Reginald Owen Franchot Tone, while making "The Bride Wore Red."

Basil Rathbone and Bobby Breen with director Kurt Newmann and Gertrude Berg, the author of their picture, "Make A Wish."

Del Rio, Sig Rumann and Peter Lorre listen to the dialogue director — and what they are thinking! It's the "Life of a Lancer Spy" company.

FLASH!

Moments Of The Players When They Are "Out Of Character" And Back In Their Own Lives.

Kay Francis and Verree Teasdale between scenes of "First Lady." (Above) Jerome Cowan watches his thumb anxiously as Mary Astor takes a bite of his apple.

Andy Devine and Bing Crosby discu the advisability of tearing down th studio and building another rac track. (Above) Ginger Rogers is trai ing on ice cream cones. (Left) Edd Cantor gallantly leads June Lang an Louise Hovick back to work on "A Baba Goes To Town."

Wayne Morris, Pat O'Brien and Director Lloyd Bacon refueling for "Submarine D-1." (Right) Oscar Homolka, noted European actor, Frances Farmer and Ray Milland, who are working in "Ebb "Tide."

(Left) Between chess moves, Billie Burke creates a screen character. (Right) Irving Berlin and his daughter calling upon Shirley Temple and Director Allan Dwan.

OH STOP! I'VE GOT ANOTHER RUN

HELEN:

The time to stop them is before they start.

PEG:

I hate riddles!

HELEN:

Simple fact, my dear—change to LUX for stockings then you'll save the elasticity so threads can stretch without breaking into runs all the time . . .

Very, very beautiful Madeleine Carroll doing a scene from "It's All Yours." Director Elliott Nugent wears black glasses because Madeleine is so pretty.

Minding Their P's and Cues

The Player Must BE The Character And Forget Equipment, Crew And Lunch Time.

Conductor Stokowski and Ad Menjou making a sequence "100 Men And A Girl."

The lovers (Warren William and Jeanette MacDonald) hold a tryst in front of the camera for "The Firefly." Robert Z. Leonard is directing.

CLOSE-UPS are loved by actresses, yet a good close requires more skill than a long shot. The eyes m not look at the lens nor the lights, or, on the screen, player will appear cross-eyed. The nearer the camera is slower she must move so as to match the tempo of previous scene. All she has to do is to time it to suit director; speak the dialogue to suit the dialogue direct keep the eyes level with the lens and never look at it to s the cameraman, and in the trem of her lips and the lilt of her vo carry on the emotion of the play. wonder they do it over and over. T "take" must be perfect.

"SOCK!"

THAT'S THE SECRET OF GOOD ENTERTAINMENT

A Short, Short Interview With Mervyn LeRoy

By Alex Evelove

(Top) Mervyn LeRoy, Director and Producer, studying a picture script. (Above) Gloria Dickson played an important part in "They Won't Forget." (Below) Lana Turner—a new discovery.

"LET'S get this straight," said Mervyn LeRoy, "the one thing I am concerned with, to the exclusion of everything else, is entertainment. I want a story that will entertain, that will have 'sock' and impact and humanity. I don't look for messages. I am looking only for stories and players to entertain the people who are good enough to spend their entertainment allowance on movies."

He reminisced about "Little Caesar," "Five Star Final," "I Am A Fugitive from a Chain Gang," all LeRoy successes of the past. He remembered how people had read social implications into each of them: exposure of gangster conditions, exposure of journalism conditions, exposure of penal conditions—and all with sweeping social significances, according to many critics.

"In each case," LeRoy said, "I fell for those stories hook, line and sinker because I thought they were really tremendous entertainment. I wasn't looking for social significances then and I still am not. When I made 'They Won't Forget,' about which the criticis and fans have been so kind, I did it because I saw in it a new story, a completely different story that would entertain."

The producer-director cited the comedies he has done, especially his last two—"Three Men on a Horse" and "The King and the Chorus Girl"—both of which were so different from "Five Star Final" and the other dramas he has directed and produced.

"Nobody," LeRoy said, "looks for social messages in comedy and that's my point. When a thing is just a comedy, as you might say, there's nothing sociological about it. Why then, in making entertainment, and that's our business, should a drama be sociological?

"I always come back to my favorite saying that Shakespeare agrees with me that 'The Play Is the Thing.' Story, story, story. That's it. Stories that are entertainment and let the social messages fall where they may."

LeRoy's purpose in the twenty years he has been in Hollywood—ever since his first job there when he was a wardrobe folder in the old Lasky studio—has been simply to satisfy the public. Personalities, too, must satisfy the public, just the same as stories. Personalities, according to him, must have "heart."

"The reason I sometimes want to do a certain story," he says, "is because it has 'heart.' It must not be phony in any way. Realism is necessary in the story and to get it on the screen you need *people* who have 'heart.'

"Let's take 'They Won't Forget' as an example," he continued. "There are half a dozen brand new personalities in it. Gloria Dickson and Lana Turner are two of them. They had never been inside a studio before they started work in 'They Won't Forget.' Yet each of those two kids came through with a beautiful job of acting and evidence of plenty of glamour.

"That's because they had the heart to be real people instead of puppets walking through a story. They got in there and forgot themselves. They were sincerely the characters they were playing, and to be convincing is the test of talent. There are lots of beauties, but not many actresses.

"You've got glamour or you haven't," LeRoy says. "You can't buy it. The only thing you can do is to have it recognized and brought out. But there's no use trying for something that isn't there. And novelty aids glamour. By that I mean something new."

LeRoy believes implicitly in the importance of newness—in story, personality and treatment.

"Gloria and Lana," he continued, "are new, not only to the screen, but in type. That's why they have a great future. That's why their glamour appeal hits you between the eyes the second you see them for the first time. You know there's heart and personality there.

"I learned that all through the picture. While we were making it they responded to direction intelligently and successfully. They were able to project themselves to fit the story. There are two scenes that illustrate that. Remember the one at the end of the first reel where Lana stands at her desk in the school room and hears a noise? Well, just recall her eyes, which are the mirrors of the soul, and recall how she was able to show half a dozen emotions just in her eyes.

"Gloria's crying scene in the courtroom was another swell example of talent. When she collapsed after her outburst, she did one of the best pieces of acting that's been put on film.

"It's a case where the sparkle of personality becomes fire. You can't stop people like that from being successes."

LeRoy's desk buzzer buzzed and the telephone bell jangled. A secretary popped in.

"Business is looking up," the producer said, "I have to go back to work. But just remember this, I have no messages, except entertainment, and I am firmly convinced that stories and people need heart besides beauty."

COUPLET CONTEST WINNERS

FIRST PRIZE—$10.00

Lauretta Chapman, 621 S. Hope St., Los Angeles, Calif.

SECOND PRIZE—$5.00

P. B. Canter, 418 Bell St., Statesville, N. C.

THIRD PRIZES (35)—$1.00 each

Mary Adams, 6047 Marion Rd., Indianapolis, Ind.
William R. Batty, 74 Mill St., Middletown, Conn.
W. L. Carle, 2634 Kendall Ave., Madison, Wisc.
Lee Dienhart, 3015 N. Pennsylvania, Indianapolis, Ind.
Mrs. Annie C. Doyle, 168 Essex St., Holyoke, Mass.
Mrs. F. Dupignac, 388 Main St., Ridgefield Park, N. J.
Ida Forrey, LaBelle, Fla.
M. Franks, 210 S. 45th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Mary Hamilton, 26 Grand St., Haverhill, Mass.
Dorothy Hill, 618 W. Marion St., Lancaster, Pa.
Gertrude Hubbard, 1365 E. 13th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
K. L. Holloway, 201 Prince St., Bordentown, N. J.
William J. Kelker, 656 W. 5th St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Ruby Rae Kennedy, 2017 Eastlake Ave., Seattle, Wash.
Helen F. Merrill, 50 Church St., Goffstown, N. H.
Nidge Miles, Box 227, Priest River, Idaho.
Annett More, Rt. #1, Box 117A, Los Gatos, Calif.
Mrs. Leon Noakes, Wilson, Kan.
Erna Marie Popper, 7530 Essex Ave., Chicago, Ill.
C. Radel, 2414 S. Franklin St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Virginia Rich, 2001 Maple Ave., Altoona, Pa.
Anne Robinson, 2531 Brookfield Ave., Baltimore, Md.
Patricia Sloan, 6438 N. Damen Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Naomi Storm, 444 N. Norton Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
Nathan Tamm, 1413 Carr Ave., Memphis, Tenn.
Gladys Teauseau, 1606 Milwaukee Ave., Mendota, Ill.
Georgina Valentine, 309 Hague St., Rochester, N. Y.
Florence Gayle Waddick, 2420 Polk St., Minneapolis, Minn.
Reda Wagenhofer, 373 Fulton St., St. Paul, Minn.
Susanne Weber, 14-10th St., West New York, N. J.
Laura Weiss, 515 Scott St., Wheaton, Ill.
Georgia Wischemann, 414 Fifth Ave., N.W., Puyallup, Wash.
Nancy Wright, 407 Taylor St., Clarksville, Tex.
Marian Young, 425 Adams St., S.E., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Patsy Anne Young, 115 Glenn Rd., Ardmore, Pa.

By Jack Bechdolt

Fictionization of "The Perfect Specimen." Copyright by Warner Brothers Pictures, Inc. The cast and credits will be found at end of this story.

Mr. Grattan (Ed. Everett Horton) and Killigrew Shawe (Hugh Herbert) thrill with poetic frenzy.

OVER THE LIE

Mona (Joan Blondell) and Gerald (Errol Flynn) find romance is no laughing matter.

HUMAN perfection is a lovely thing . . . in a museum. No doubt about it, the Venus of Milo is an eye-ful of feminine pulchritude and the Adonis is the last word in what every girl expects of a boy friend. They are perfection.

But endow the Venus with a brain and disposition as lovely as her form and fit out Adonis similarly and arrange to have this girl meet this boy: Would you have a good love story? You would not! And why? No obstacles there. No clash of characters No surprising discoveries about each other. Nothing but perfection Why, the neighbors wouldn't even bother to gossip about them. In this world where the prettiest girl has freckles on her nose or a little mole on her shoulder and the sleekest male conceals a disposition to grouch before he has had his morning coffee, we demand idols with clay feet—or at least muddy feet. We couldn't stand living in a museum.

Anyway, that was how Mona Carter felt about it when she first heard of Gerald Beresford Wicks.

In the first place she didn't believe that any man could have all the perfections attributed to Gerald Wicks and yet live. And in the second place, if what she heard was true, she felt somebody ought to do something about it.

So Mona drove her roadster headlong through the strong, high fence that completely surrounded Wickstead, Gerald's estate, and landed almost in Gerald's lap at the cost of a couple of crumpled fenders to the car and a smut on her nose.

Perfection was not Gerald's fault. His Grandma had wished it onto him.

Grandma always had ruled Gerald's affairs and she was training him to the responsibility of administering all the Wicks millions and managing the ten thousand employees of the Wicks Utilities. His Grandma had Gerald so well tutored in all knowledge and attainment that even his cousin, Alicia Brackett, who was scheduled to marry him, began to doubt if she could bear it.

Gerald was gravely skinning the cat from the limb of a tree on the Wicks estate when it happened. His schedule called for study of a chapter on "Effect of Gravity Upon Animate Objects," alternated with gentle physical exercise. He was hung upside down, his feet through his arms, like one of his simian ancestors when the high fence that insured his privacy parted with a crash and the roadster leaped in, introducing him to a breathless and very pretty blonde who was Mona.

Naturally Gerald thought she was a reporter. Or a news photographer.

Reporters and photographers were always popping up at him out of bushes and from behind trees. When she denied that she was either, he began to fear the worst—she was a designing woman! Grandma had told him all about designing women.

Mona was furious. "I am not, you idiot! I wouldn't marry you if—if . . ." Words failed her. "Well, I've seen you. I'm on my way."

"You don't think much of me?" Gerald asked, a little wistfully.

"No! You're stiff. You're dull. And worst of all you're conceited."

He considered the last and shook his head. "No—I don't think I'm conceited. I'm quite certain of that."

"Tell me something," Mona demanded. "Have you ever been tight?"

"Of course not!"

"Ever seen a burlesque show?"

"Certainly not!"

"Ever kissed a girl?"

Gerald leaped back gracefully, terror dawning in his eyes. "Now listen, don't you start anything! I can't afford to be compromised."

Mona's fury left her sputtering. "*You* can't afford . . . and you think you're not conceited! Listen, why don't you get out in the world? Mix with the common herd! Are you really so fragile you *have* to stay cooped up here? Do you ever think of running away?"

"What's there so terribly interesting and exciting outside?" Gerald inquired pathetically. "Nothing happens here or anywhere else that isn't dull and boring." He looked at her sharply and being a perfectly fair minded and truthful man he added, "That is . . . almost nothing." For after all, there was Mona!

At that point Mona discovered something about Gerald that kept her from leaving at once. He did lack something, with all his millions and all his schooled perfection. He never had any fun!

Mona, who had gone through life having lots of fun began to

The Runaway Gets Caught By The Arms Of A Girl

FENCE LOVE

Grandma Wicks (May Robson) runs the family. Below —Alicia (Beverly Roberts) and Jink (Dick Foran). Their hearts go against the rules.

feel sorry for the young man.

"Do you know what you need, my friend? You need to tilt a windmill or two."

"Windmills?" said Gerald vaguely.

"Didn't you ever read Don Quixote?"

"I've read everything that's improving to the mind—but—windmills . . . Oh yes! Don Quixote, who fought the windmills!"

"You're marvelous! If Grandma ever releases you on parole—"

"She won't," he groaned.

"Or if you ever decide to hop over the walls," she added with a look that taunted him. "Remember, you've got a friend on the outside."

The discovery of Mona's presence on the estate at that moment brought Grandma and Grattan, her secretary, and a flock of underlings to the rescue of the Perfect Specimen. Mona had to go away. But the words she had spoken to Gerald Beresford Wicks did not vanish with her. All through his neatly ordered day of study and exercise and well balanced routine Gerald remembered the girl with the smut on her nose who talked of windmills. That night he lay awake thinking of her. Early next morning he quit a pillow which that fickle jade Sleep had not shared with him and gravely started out into the world via the hole in the fence that Mona's roadster had made. He was on his way to look up a few windmills.

While Grandma indulged in fits and sent for the state police and the G-Men; while the radios of the land interrupted all scheduled programs to broadcast descriptions of the missing heir; while the news-hungry public clamored for details and cranks wrote letters, and life for everybody at Wickstead, excepting Grandma, was just plain hell, the fortunes of Gerald Beresford Wicks took a turn for the better.

Young Don Quixote started his journey in a car borrowed from a young fellow who was driving a tractor on the estate. (The young fellow was really Mona Carter's brother, who had fallen in love with Gerald's cousin Alicia, but nobody except Mona knew it.) Gerald's first move was to look up Mona in the Pennsylvania village where she lived.

When he crashed his car through the fence that surrounded her house, Mona was delighted. She agreed to let him accompany her on an errand to the station to get some bulbs for her father. She did not object very much when Gerald proposed they take the afternoon to do the errand.

They were rolling sedately down the highway in the battered car when they encountered their first windmill in the person of Pinky, a truck driver who was accompanied in his duties by his girl friend, Clarabelle.

Pinky wanted to pass and Gerald, absorbed in his talk with Mona and thinking more highly of her every minute, didn't hear Pinky's horn. When Pinky did manage to squeeze past he was so mad that he stopped his truck just ahead and leaped down to beat up the man who delayed him.

Gerald—for Mona was watching—twice landed Pinky in a sitting posture in the dust and hung such a shiner on his eye that Pinky practically had no further use for it.

After that it was all jake between Gerald and Mona and Pinky and Clarabelle, and Gerald felt that he was beginning to have a really good time.

Pinky and Clarabelle were lovers in distress. They wanted to get married, but they needed $150. Pinky had meant to earn the smackers by defeating a fighter known as Canvas-Back Malone, but now, with this shiner Gerald had given him, he couldn't do it. The fight was scheduled as the main attraction of the Truck Drivers Gala Outing and Chowder Party being held that very day. To oblige his newly made friend and forward the cause of young love, Gerald undertook to fight in Pinky's place. So they all went to the Truckdrivers' Picnic.

When Gerald was swathed modestly in Pinky's worn trunks and Pinky's threadbare bathrobe, Pinky learned

startling news. Canvas Back Malone, a noted push-over in sporting circles, was unable to fight. In his place the management provided Chloroform Conley, who was still paying damages to the widow of the last fighter he had been matched with. Only Gerald was unperturbed by the news.

Gerald went into the ring against Chloroform and the first couple of rounds consisted of some of the most agile footwork the crowd had ever seen, for Gerald bore no grudge against Chloroform. In fact he thought Chloroform was quite a decent chap and he didn't want to hurt him.

The crowd grew restless. The truck drivers had come to see slugging, not ballroom dancing.

"Kin I have de next waltz?" piped a saracastic falsetto.

"Kiss 'im fer me, when ye catch 'im, Chloroform!"

"Step on that pants rabbit!"

"T'row a net over dat butterfly!"

This and similar advice was offered in quantity, but the baffled Chloroform was wasting his punches on empty air, for Gerald was never long in the place he was last reported by Chloroform's dazed eyes.

"If I could just lay one on him *oncet* I'd blast his ears off," Chloroform panted to his second between rounds.

The second, an alert observer, had not missed the presence of Mona Carter in a ringside seat, nor the glances Gerald exchanged with her. He got a big idea.

The next round, while Gerald skated over the canvas with the grace of Sonja Henie, and Chloroform lumbered after him, the second came up behind Mona's chair, slipped an arm over her shoulder and remarked, "Yer boy friend's sure scairt o' getting his pan mussed, ain't he, sweetheart?"

"Well, you certainly are not," Mona observed and slapped his face.

Gerald, from the ring, saw the struggle as the second meant he should. Gerald forgot Chloroform and started after the second and Chloroform landed a pile driver that dropped him like a poled ox. The referee began to count.

On the count of nine, Gerald struggled up, weaving. Chloroform let him have it again. He went down. The referee began to count and only the bell saved Gerald. Gerald was beginning to dislike Chloroform Conley.

The sheriff of the county was refereeing the fight. Between rounds he was called away by the general alarm for the missing heir to the Wicks millions. Gerald, terrified lest he be recognized and taken back to Grandma was all for leaving the fight. Pinky's pleas kept him in the ring and he was mad enough to connect a right with Chloroform's jaw and leave him permanently seated on the canvas, counting over the stars and twittering like a flock of canaries.

Gerald and Mona stayed only long enough to collect the hundred and fifty smackers and present them to Pinky and Clarabelle. Then they fled.

That night they shared the hospitality of a poet who mistook them for man and wife. The poet was temporarily without a cook. Gerald got breakfast. Like everything else the future manager of Wicks Utilities had learned, he could cook to perfection.

Mona was beginning to get worried. Gerald was the cause. Mona didn't mind a certain amount of perfection in any young man, but when a man met every situation with the flawless perfection of Gerald Beresford Wicks, she realized that a girl simply could not endure him for life. And she really began to wish she could endure Gerald for life. He was causing her a lot of deep thinking about matrimony.

It is difficult, even for a girl very badly in love, to think consistently about matrimony when the rain is dripping down her neck. Mona discovered that next day, as she and Gerald journeyed on, seeking more windmills to tilt.

Two hotels faced each other across the main street of a little Pennsylvania town.

"Go across the street to the Waldorf," she said kindly, but firmly. "Go to the clerk behind the desk. He'll have his hair slicked down and a rhinestone horseshoe in his tie—"

"Oh . . . you know him?"

"Of course not! He's a species. Tell him you're a traveling salesmen for frying pans, underwear, brushes—anything—and I'm your demonstrator. When he knows you're a salesman the place is yours." Mona paused to add impressively, "And don't give your right name." It was so difficult to keep Gerald from falling into the hands of the police who were seeking the missing Wicks heir!

It worked, just as Mona said it would until Gerald signed the register. He wrote, "G.B. Berry and Companion."

"Holy smoke, this is a respectable house. You haven't been on the road very long, have you? Sign it 'Mr. and Mrs.'"

"But the young lady isn't my wife!" Gerald protested.

"Well, that is news! Just sign it Mr. and Mrs. Berry, from Scranton." Gerald scratched out the "companion" part and added the "Mr. and Mrs."

It was while they were at the hotel, drying out and sharing sandwiches, that Gerald discovered suddenly and beyond a doubt that he loved Mona. He told her so in unmistakable words and backed words with action. Mona found it was no use resisting his kisses and she decided she didn't want to, anyway. But in the midst of their kissing the hotel radio spoke.

The Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice was asking the cooperation of all good citizens in finding Gerald Beresford Wicks whose fiancee, Alicia Brackett, was left distracted by his disappearance.

Reminded suddenly that Gerald was engaged to another girl, Mona fled the hotel. She had no way of knowing that Alicia Brackett was not in love with Gerald or he with her, or that Alicia was in love with Mona's own brother, Jink, who had gotten himself a job on the Wicks estate just to be near Alicia.

For Gerald, Mona's swift retreat was the end of his new found happiness. Distracted he searched for her for days. When he found she had not returned to her village home he got a job in the local garage and settled down there to wait for her. And there, through a little detective work on Mona's brother's part, Grandma and the state police and the G-Men finally found the missing heir.

The G-Men also had located the poet who had given hospitality to the adventurers. When Mona read in the papers that their late host was in danger of going to jail as a kidnaper, she too came out of hiding and arrived at Wickstead to clear the poet of blame.

Another person had arrived at Wickstead, uninvited. He was the hotel clerk who brought along a page from his register containing the signature of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Berry of Scranton. He reminded Grandma that the state law of Pennsylvania says: "If any man or woman do jointly and before competent witnesses acknowledge themselves to be man and wife and, in addition, if one or both do, by written record, under whatever name, attest this status, this shall and does constitute a legal article of wedlock . . ."

Grandma bought the evidence at a pretty price and held it for future use. It proved to be very useful, for Mona declared with spirit that she would not marry Gerald.

Mona insisted upon maintaining this refusal because of Alicia. When she learned that Alicia was going to marry her brother, Jink, she refused Gerald because of Grandma. Then she refused Gerald on his own account. By this time Grandma was so enraged at not having her own way, that she flourished the damning evidence and proved they were legally married whether they liked it or not.

Then Gerald convinced Mona that she did like it.

And Mona admitted, at last, "I was so frightened!"

"Of what—Grandma?"

"No. I was frightened—that you—never would find out about that old Pennsylvania law!"

So the affair turned out just sufficiently short of perfection to make Gerald and Mona very happy.

COMING FEATURES

THE cover on the November SILVER SCREEN *is a beautiful portrait of Madeleine Carroll. So the* Projection *by Elizabeth Wilson will be a clever piece about Miss Carroll that will delight her old friends and win her many new ones.*

* * *

Jerome Zerbe is a man of parts known on Park Avenue and respected by editors. He is in Hollywood taking his kind of photographs for SILVER SCREEN. *A feature that will probably be in the November issue. Exclusive—or else!*

* * *

In this number of SILVER SCREEN, *Howard Barnes comes right out about Hollywood most entertainingly—and he's so darned authentic. In the November number he will write about pictures and tell you the bit or sequence in some recent films which glows with the pure white light of genius. It gives the deserving ones the credit long their due.*

* * *

The November issue will put you in the right mood for a Thanksgiving dinner. On all newsstands October 13th.

Fictionization of "The Perfect Specimen." Produced by Warner Brothers Pictures and Directed by Michael Curtiz. Screen Play by Lawrence Riley and Norman Reilly Raine. From the original story by Samuel Hopkins Adams.

THE CAST

Gerald Wicks	**Errol Flynn**
Mona Carter	**Joan Blondell**
Jink Carter	**Dick Foran**
Alicia	**Beverly Roberts**
Grattan	**Edward Everett Horton**
Killigrew Shaw	**Hugh Herbert**
Mrs. Leona Wicks	**May Robson**
Clarabelle	**Marie Wilson**
Pinky	**Warren Hymer**
Carl Carter	**Donald Meek**
Hooker	**Granville Bates**
Snodgrass	**Andrew Tombes**
Briggs	**Tim Henning**
Hotel Clerk	**Hugh O'Connell**

Cashing In On Their Fame

Do You Blame Them?

By Gordon R. Silver

Which Star Makes Perfume?

Which Star Sells Wine?

You Can Get Eggs From An Actor!

Which Actor Raises And Sells Horses?

Which Star Is In The Fish Business?

KEEPING up a gaudy front in Hollywood has gone out of style.

Nowadays, the vogue is to keep up a well-paying business of some sort!

Once famous for its extravagance, the film colony has quite forgotten its former improvidence. Reckless living and careless expenditure, once applauded by the movie folk, are now condemned as utter madness.

The Hollywood stars refuse to spend their large salaries on fifty-room mansions and large staffs of servants. Rolls-Royces are no longer as common as flivvers.

The newer generation of film celebrities consists almost solely of sensible, well-bred folk who find no reason for throwing away money that might just as well be put into some paying business. The fact is—nine out of ten film players of today either own or are partners in going businesses that bring them in neat sums regularly—quite apart from their work on the screen. What some of these businesses are will undoubtedly amaze you.

For instance, that tuna you had last week might have been canned by none other than your favorite crooner, Bing Crosby! That delicious tea you drank might have been grown by Richard Dix! That lovely perfume you sniffed at but couldn't quite afford to purchase might have been conceived by Irene Dunne! The wine that topped off your dinner might have been put on the market by Francis Lederer!

There are those in Hollywood as well as in Stockholm, Sweden, who politely refer to Greta Garbo as "landlady!" And at some future day, when Mae West has left the screen and you drop in to have a diamond ring or a star sapphire pendant appraised, perhaps it will be none other than the gorgeous Mae herself, who will give you that famous Westian look through the jewelers' eye-glass and drawl, "You've been had, big boy; you've been had! It's just paste!"

If you drive out Sunset Boulevard towards Beverly Hills, you can't help but seeing a rather glorified sign on a certain shop, announcing: "EDDIE CANTOR, Antiques." Incidentally, that sign has created a lot of fun in Hollywood, starting when some wit made the chance remark, "Probably that's where Eddie gets all his radio and screen jokes!" Be that as it may, Eddie DOES do a flourishing business there.

"I was stung by the antique bug when just a mere lad," grinned Eddie the other day. "Possibly I didn't have much sense in those days, but I did have a few dollars! Anyhow, while roaming through New Hampshire one day, I met a charming old couple who lived in a gorgeous home of the Early Colonial Revolutionary period. To make a long story short, before I had left them I had parted with several months' salary for an antique secretary-desk, a table and a silver serving tray. Sad to say, I've never been able to break the habit, and my collection has grown so that I simply had to open this shop of mine to dispose of some of it!

"Seriously though, there's nothing I love better than antiques—not even greenbacks or yellowbacks—and boy, is that saying something!"

Besides his big tuna cannery at Long Beach, Bing Crosby owns a music publishing company, has a part interest in an international phonograph recording concern, owns a number of good oil wells, a real estate business, a stable of costly race horses, and is half owner of the newly-organized race track at Del Mar. That old saying—"a fool and his money are soon parted"—can never be applied to Bing!

Richard Dix was among the first stars to see the tremendous possibilities of using his international popularity as a basis for business. The discovery of fragrant desert tea, on land which he owns near Palm Springs, gave impetus to his idea of founding a business and using his screen fame to build it up. This tea now is being marketed under the Dix trademark and sold everywhere. Dairy products were the next step—and just recently some business men approached him with the idea of putting out a new brand of spring water.

A perfume which suggests the chiseled beauty and refinement of Irene Dunne is marketed by her under the trademark of Les Delices D'Irene, meaning "Irene's Delight." It is an illusive fragrance evolved by the star herself and developed by a nationally known perfume house.

When Irene isn't working at the studios or fooling around in her perfume laboratory, she and friend husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, are most likely engaged in looking after their controlling interest in the Well Point Manufacturing Company, which produces extremely sensitive instruments for locating artesian water. It brings them in a very neat little income.

Francis Lederer, who drinks little or no wine at all himself, puts a huge amount of vintage wine on the market and is continually raising imported grapes from France and Portugal on his ranch in the San Fernando valley, a few miles from Hollywood.

Reading from top to bottom—Irene Dunne, Francis Lederer, Gloria Stuart, Randolph Scott, Louise Fazenda and John Boles. Few players believe that their popularity will last forever, so why not make the most of it.

A business a little different but along similar lines—in other words, The Angostura Bitters Company, has been in the Morgan family for many years and is now solely owned by Frank and Ralph. If they should retire from pictures this minute, they'd still be having enough revenue pouring in to satisfy every want—little or big!

Ann Dvorak's big greenhouse in the heart of the San Fernando valley is a real goldmine to her. There, she produces half the orchids in town for the florists (and you know how orchids sell in Hollywood, with the movie stars all [*Continued on page* 63]

VOGUES OF 1938

LOVELY TO LOOK AT—*UA*

HERE'S a spectacular musical fashion show done in technicolor that will dazzle you by its utter gorgeousness. It's something new on the screen and Producer Walter Wanger hopes you like it. Girls will go pleasantly mad over the fashion and fur and jewelry displays which simply shriek of chic and smartness.

The plot is rather thin (but what can you expect in a spectacle?) and deals with the proprietor of the House of Curson, supposedly New York's reigning house of fashion. He is married to a cold, selfish woman who believes herself a sparkling dancing thing and persuades her husband to back her in a show.

Joan Bennett, really an eyeful in technicolor, plays a society girl, and Warner Baxter gives a grand performance as New York's leading couturier. And so does Helen Vinson as the wife. Alan Mowbray and Mischa Auer look after the comedy. There are all kinds of entertainers and comedy diversions.

YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING

AN ORCHID TO THIS HILARIOUS MUSICAL-FARCE—*20th Century-Fox*

AFTER assuring you that "you can't have everything," good old Twentieth Century-Fox practically throws everything right into your lap—including Gypsy Rose Lee When Mr. Zanuck turns his zanies loose there is just no stopping the fun, and this merry, mad musical outburst is even better than those that have gone before, which you recall were not to be sneezed at.

Cute and beautiful Alice Faye fancies herself a young author of serious "drahmah" (being a granddaughter of Edgar Allen Poe, how could she miss?) and it falls to the lot of Don Ameche, a professional playwright, to try to dissuade her. He exploits her talents as a song plugger, makes a musical satire out of one of her most serious dramas, and proceeds to fall in love with her much to the annoyance of one Louise Hovick, who considers him her own personal property. Miss Hovick, as you know, arrived in Hollywood as Gypsy Rose Lee, the most famous strip teaser of all times, but if you expect Miss Hovick to treat you to any of her "act" you will be sadly disappointed—she doesn't even drop an eyelash! But as the menace she is superb. She plays her part with poise and a sense of humor, and naturally, quite naturally, she has a pleasing figure.

Aiding Don Ameche in his conquest of fair Alice are the Ritz Brothers, who will have you rolling in the aisles in complete hysteria. And you won't be bored either by Louis Prima and his famous trumpet, Rubinoff and his violin, and Tip, Tap and Toe, the most remarkable colored tap dancers your old eyes have ever seen.

DEAD END

HOW THE LESSER HALF LIVES—*UA*

A POWERFUL and honest adaptation of Sidney Kingsley's thought-provoking play, produced by Samuel Goldwyn and directed by William Wyler. Mr. Kingsley's "grim slice of life," his "hell on earth" comes to the screen as a drama of gripping power, with which few compromises have been made in its transition.

"Dead End," in case you have never been to New York, gets its name from those narrow, dirty, crowded little streets on the East Side which terminate on the river front. The luxurious and ostentatious apartment houses of the rich, built on the river's edge, here meet the slums. And on these "dead end" streets are born and raised the gangsters of tomorrow, a rough gang of hoodlums who respect no laws, whose heroes are Public Enemies, and who invariably end up in the reform school.

The central characters in "Dead End" are several youngsters and it is with a day in their lives that the picture is concerned.

Sylvia Sidney plays the sweat shop girl who tries so hard to keep her younger brother out of trouble, Joel McCrea plays a poor and idealistic young architect in love with Wendy Barrie, a "kept woman" from the swanky apartment house, Humphry Bogart plays Baby Face Martin, a killer, who in a soft moment has come back to his boyhood neighborhood to see his mother and his sweetheart. Marjorie Main, as the mother, is superb in a dramatic scene where she slaps her killer son. Claire Trevor does an excellent bit as a woman of the streets, and so does Allen Jenkins as Baby Face's bodyguard. A picture that's totally different.

Joan Bennett and Warner Baxter in "Vogues of 1938." (Below) Bette Davis, Leslie Howard and Olivia de Havilland not at all depressed by the smart satire, "It's Love I'm After."

REVIEW

CONFESSION

MOTHER LOVE TEARS YOUR HEART STRINGS ONCE AGAIN—*WB*

KAY FRANCIS plays a cheap cabaret singer (and she sings too) who murders a famous pianist when she sees him making love to a young girl in a nook of her restaurant. At the trial it is revealed that the young girl is the singer's own daughter, and that the pianist once ruined her own life. Just how he dragged her down from being one of Europe's famous prima donnas to the dismal wreck that she is now is told in flashback. And, of course, her one idea is to keep her daughter from ever guessing her identity.

Jane Bryan gives a sincere performance of the young girl infatuated with the older man, and Basil Rathbone as the menacing musician exceeds even his previous excellent performances. He and Jane walk away with the acting honors.

Other excellent portrayals are by Dorothy Peterson, whom Jane believes to be her real mother, Ian Hunter as Miss Francis' war-time husband, Laura Hope Crews as a member of the opera company, and Donald Crisp and Robert Barrat as barristers.

IT'S LOVE I'M AFTER

A NEW LESLIE HOWARD-BETTE DAVIS FILM IS AN EVENT—*WB*

ONE of the smartest and gayest of the satirical comedies ever to come out of Hollywood, and you're a dope if you miss seeing it for there hasn't been so much fun in years. Leslie Howard plays a thoroughly self-satisfied Shakespearean stage star who for years has been pursued by adoring women, and who, alas, is quite susceptible to their adoration. He is in love with his leading woman, Bette Davis, who is also deeply in love with him, but because of clashing temperaments they cannot be together two minutes without starting a violent quarrel—usually over women.

The picture gets off to a riotous start, with Leslie and Bette quite seriously doing the death scene from "Romeo and Juliet," while women weep, when suddenly the two

stars begin hurling insults at each other *sotto voce* while they play the scene to its dramatic end. The story then moves to the country home of Olivia de Havilland, Pasadena socialite who is madly infatuated with Leslie.

Olivia's fiance feels that he can end the girl's infatuation if Leslie will come to her home and act as a boor, which he does, and more mad fun ensues. Brilliantly directed by Archie Mayo, this picture will be the promised land to those who love smart satire.

STELLA DALLAS

SENTIMENTAL DRAMA AT ITS BEST—*UA*

THANKS to the remarkable production, and the direction (King Vidor) of the picture, and particularly thanks to Barbara Stanwyck's great performance, the 1937 version of "Stella Dallas" is one of the grandest pictures you may ever hope to see. Barbara's portrayal of the vulgar, pushing, petulant mill-town Stella, who marries into a good family but cannot adjust herself to her husband's manner of living, puts her right at the top of those eligible for the Academy Award next year. It is without a doubt her screen masterpiece.

Second to Barbara in acting honors is Anne Shirley, who plays Stella's heart-touching daughter. I'm telling you those mother and daughter scenes, as played by Barbara and Anne, will have all the women gulping, and the men won't be too bright-eyed either. John Boles is good as the husband, and so is Alan Hale as the racing tout. There are also striking performances by Barbara O'Neil, Marjorie Main, and George Walcott.

LOVE UNDER FIRE

A BLEND OF LOVE, REVOLUTION AND THE STOLEN JEWELS—*20th Century-Fox*

LORETTA YOUNG and Don Ameche are teamed in this number, which has to do with love and jewel thieves in Spain. Don plays a young Scotland Yard cop who goes to Spain on his vacation because he has heard that it is the land of romance, and sure enough hardly is he across the border before he meets a beautiful girl, except that she's an English girl, not a senorita.

But his courtship of the fair Loretta hasn't gone very far before he receives a phone call from Headquarters to arrest her for stealing the Peralta pearls. And then the Spanish Revolution breaks out, and it seems the revolutionists also want the Peralta pearls, and it all gets pretty badly involved, and terribly confusing.

A nice bit is done by E. E. Clive as the captain of an English tramp steamer. Frances Drake, Harold Huber and John Carradine help with the confusion. And Borrah Minnevitch is in it if you like him.

Francis Lederer and Madeleine Carroll in a scene from "It's All Yours." They are clever players in a delightful play.

BACK IN CIRCULATION

A SWELL NEWSPAPER YARN—*WB*

JOAN BLONDELL and Pat O'Brien are happily teamed in this comedy from the agile pen of Adela Rogers St. John. Joan, given a wide scope of action, practically walks away with the picture, and is particularly grand in her screaming scene, a definite high spot of the picture.

She plays a newspaper reporter who knows all the tricks of the trade, and can always get her story, but can never get her man—her man being none other than fast talking Pat O'Brien, the editor of the tabloid she works for. However, it is all attended to in the final fade-out when Joan frames him with one of his own tricks.

IT'S ALL YOURS

SEE THIS—JUST FOR THE FUN OF IT—*Col.*

LOVELY Madeleine Carroll comes across with one of the most delightful light comedy performances of the year in this brisk little yarn about a millionaire who leaves his earnest young secretary his fortune in order to teach his playboy nephew, Francis Lederer, a lesson.

Madeleine plays the earnest young secretary hopelessly in love with the devil-may-care Francis, who considers himself in love with Grace Bradley, a nitwit actress. And Madeleine's deliberate and complete metamorphosis when she comes into the money, and the reckless and extravagant manner in which she proceeds to spend it, provide many hilarious moments in a film that is gayly told, and expertly acted.

Madeleine turns over the fortune to Francis in the end, but not until she gets him to mend his ways and, in addition, to fall desperately in love with her—and not before she carries on one of the funniest flirtations of the year with Mischa Auer, a penniless foreign nobleman.

SOULS AT SEA

THRILLING ENTERTAINMENT—*Par.*

BASED on an authentic story out of shipping history of a century ago, the picture opens with the trial where Gary Cooper is accused of having wilfully murdered a number of people during a ship disaster at sea. Just as the jury announces its verdict of guilty an Englishman appears in court to tell the dramatic and true story which saves Gary from hanging.

Gary is at his best as the young merchant marine officer, who loves poetry—and Frances Dee.

Co-starring with him, and giving a grand performance, is George Raft who plays a crude ex-slave trader who has become Gary's henchman, and who completely melts under the charms of little Olympe Bradna, a lady's maid on her way to America and a new life.

Scene from "Love Under Fire," with Noel Madison and Loretta Young. Don Ameche is in the cast.

LABORATORY TESTS on rats were conducted for over three years . . .

1 We fed rats a diet completely lacking in "skin-vitamin." Their skin grew harsh, dry, scaly—old looking. Under the microscope, the oil glands were dried up, the tissues of the skin were shrunken.

2 Then we applied Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Creams daily for three weeks. The rats were still on a diet completely lacking in "skin-vitamin"—yet, with just this application of the cream their skin improved. It became smooth again, clear, healthy.

Now—*this new Cream brings to Women the active*

"Skin-Vitamin"

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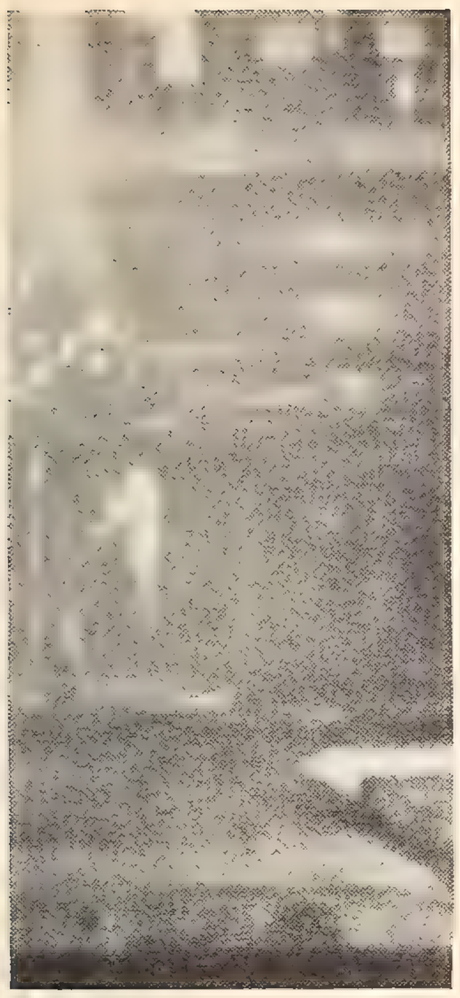

3 Under the microscope, the oil glands were seen to be healthy again. The dried-up, flattened skin cells were rounded out. The shrunken tissues were normal again!

FINALLY we gave Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Creams to women to try. For four weeks they used the new creams faithfully—women who had been using other creams before. Three out of every four of them asked for more. And these are the things they said: "My skin is so much smoother." "My pores are finer!" "My skin has a livelier look now." "Lines are disappearing"...

Exposure is constantly drying the necessary "skin-vitamin" out of the skin. Now, Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cream helps to bring it back! If your skin shows signs of deficiency in "skin-vitamin," try Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cream—today.

FOUR YEARS AGO, scientists first learned that a certain known vitamin heals wounds, burns, infections—quicker and better.

They found that certain harsh, dry conditions of the skin are due to insufficient supply of this vitamin in diet. This was not the "sunshine vitamin." Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not "irradiated." But the "skin-vitamin."

This vitamin helps your body to rebuild skin tissue. Aids in keeping skin beautiful.

Of great importance to women

Pond's requested biologists of high standing to study what would be the effects of this "skin-vitamin" when put in Pond's Creams.

For over three years they worked. Their story is told you above. Also the story of the women who used the new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams!

Today—we offer you the new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams!

In the same Pond's Creams

The new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams are the same creams you have always known—with the active "skin-vitamin" added. They are in the same jars, with the same labels—at the same price. You use them the same way you did the old. Now this new ingredient gives added value to the millions of jars of Pond's Creams used by women every year.

Try Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cream for yourself—today. On sale everywhere.

POND'S COLD CREAM—Cleanses, clears, softens, smooths for powder. Pat it in briskly to invigorate the skin; fight off blackheads, blemishes; smooth out lines; make pores less noticeable. *Now contains the active "skin-vitamin."*

POND'S VANISHING CREAM—Removes roughnesses; smooths skin instantly; powder base. Also use overnight after cleansing. *Now contains the active "skin-vitamin."*

POND'S LIQUEFYING CREAM—Quicker melting. Use for same purposes as Pond's Cold Cream. *Now contains the active "skin-vitamin."*

NOW IN POND'S CREAMS
the active "Skin-Vitamin"

he loves
ardent color...
he hates
lipstick parching!

Yes, he likes bright lips...they look expressive and responsive.

But how his admiration chills, if lips are dry and rough. Parched lips are old lips!

Remember, then, your lipstick has *two* duties. It must bestow thrilling color. It must protect you from Lipstick Parching.

Coty's new lipstick, the "Sub-Deb," does just that. Because of a new softening ingredient, "Theobroma," it keeps your lips smooth and soft, dewy as a fresh petal. Coty "Sub-Deb" comes in 5 ardent and indelible shades, 50¢.

"Air Spun" Rouge is another thrilling Coty make-up discovery! Cyclones blend colors to new, life-like subtlety and smoothness. In shades that match "Sub-Deb" Lipstick, 50¢.

COTY

SUB-DEB LIPSTICK *50¢*

Precious protection!...Coty melts eight drops of "Theobroma" into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. This guards against lipstick parching.

Making "Stage Door." Ginger Rogers, Ann Miller and Adolphe Menjou. Katharine Hepburn is the big name of the cast, or is it Ginger?

Pictures On The Fire

[*Continued from page* 6]

ever taking her eyes from him, brings one of those cat-head balls from the pocket of her coat and hides it behind her purse where no one can see it.

"You may each call the dog," the judge announces.

"Come on, old fellow," Cary coaxes.

"Come on, Mr. Smith," Irene cajoles.

Mr. Smith doesn't budge. So Irene squeaks the ball. It is a very tiny squeak but loud enough for Mr. Smith, who is familiar with the sound, to hear. He tears toward Irene. She looks at the judge as though to say, "You see?"

"Custody of the dog is awarded to Mrs. Warriner," Mr. Solomon Stanton decrees and, before Cary or his lawyer has a chance to object, he adds, "Silence!"

This is one of the swellest scenes I've seen in many a day. And I forgot to inform you that *Mr. Smith* is none other than *Asta* of "Thin Man" fame.

"Come on," says Marge the moment the scene is finished and before I even have time to say "hello" to Cary, "I can't have you upsetting the players with your gibberish." I bet that Fanya put a bug in her ear before she left.

But on the next set I meet our old friend, Dick Arlen, who is making his first picture on his new Columbia contract. It is called "Park Avenue Dame" and co-stars him and Fay Wray. Raymond Walburn and Gene Morgan (than whom you couldn't find two finer comics) are also in the cast, as is Wyn Cahoon (than whom you couldn't find a more pulchritudinous blonde) and Scott Colton (a newcomer from the New York stage—and quite a dish for you girls, too).

Last on this lot is *la* Moore—Gracie, the Grand.

She's making an opus called "I'll Take Romance." This scene I watch is in an opera house. Of course, the audience is all in full evening regalia because in pictures no one ever goes to the opera or even to a first class night club in anything else but.

And that about winds me up, not only with Miss Moore but with Columbia—for this month at least. Accordingly, I betake myself to—

Grand National

HERE, "Jimmie the Gent" Cagney is making his second picture for this outfit. It's called "Something to Sing About" and the title sounds alarmingly like one of Bobbie Breen's efforts. However, on reading the synopsis I am re-assured.

I wouldn't miss this picture for all the rice in China. Not only has it James Cagney, and there are few actors on the screen today as versatile and convincing as he is, but it also has a gent whom I consider the greatest dancer in the country. His name is Harlan Dixon. He and his partner were the first of the "class" dancers (well, not the first because they came after the Vernon Castles, but they were the first of their kind). After they split up, Harlan went it alone and let me tell you when he was in his prime he made Fred Astaire look like a cake of soap after a hard week's washing. I don't know how he is now because I haven't seen him in years but I'll bet he'll still give Mr. A a run for his money. DON'T MISS THIS ONE.

I never saw such a month. As I look down the list of productions I have to see today my heart stands still. I only wish that some of you from Out Yonder, who pine and sigh for a glimpse of the studios and the stars at work, could cover some of these sets for me. However, there's no use moping. We'll just have to get going and we might as well beat it to—

Warner Bros.

THERE is certainly no rest for the weary here. We have "Tovarich" starring Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer. At the moment the title has been changed to "Tonight Is Ours" but regardless of that it still has Claudette and M. Boyer.

It seems strange to see Claudette laughing and joking on this picture which is being directed, as I have already told you, by Anatole Litvak who is the fiancee (so they say) of Miriam Hopkins, who is Claudette's arch enemy. That is no slam against Claudette because Miss Hopkins is the arch enemy of practically everybody she has ever worked with and I can understand it. Miss Hopkins socially is *ne plus ultra* but on the set she is a perfect termagent. Now!

"Submarine D-1" which has Pat O'Brien, George Brent and Wayne Morris in the

leads is shooting on the lot so I go there. But the whole thing is too complicated to describe. It seems the Warners *Frere* (as George Jean Nathan would say) found it easier to bring the ocean to the submarine on their own lot than it was to take the submarine to the ocean. Frank McHugh (who is also in this epic) explains, "It would be much harder to submerge the submarine than it is to bring the water up over it, especially when we have a tank already at the studio. It is all very clear to Frank but it is all very Greek to me and this is one thing the Greeks *didn't* have a word for.

"Hey, you," the assistant director yells at me, "get back there—up on that platform. Whatta you wanna do—get drownded?"

So I get back up on the platform where I can't see anything or hear anything but where I'm safe. As Frank and I stand chatting, Mr. Wayne Morris who lays abed nights wondering where his next date is coming from (because in 214 days he's had 138 dates and, after all, the supply is not inexhaustible) comes up and says to Frank, "Hey! Do you like fishing?" And Frank mumbles something and Wayne says, "we could have the studio rent a boat to make some pictures of us fishing. They could make a few shots and then we'd have the rest of the day to ourselves to fish in."

"Well, I *must* say," I say to myself, "it sure doesn't take them long to learn all the angles." I remember when I saw Wayne on the set of "King of Hockey" and I thought he was a comer but, ye gods! I never dreamed he'd come so fast.

Lloyd Bacon, the director, keeps yelling after every take that the timing is too fast and they must take it slower but as I can't see or hear I can't tell you what he's arguing about. You'll just have to see the picture.

"The Great Garrick" is next. This is a Mervyn LeRoy production. Mr. LeRoy has taken it upon himself to put Brian Aherne under personal contract. I have never been fortunate enough (?) to see Mr. Aherne on the stage. Those who have say he's superb. But I've seen him in pictures and a ramrod is as putty compared to Mr. Aherne.

Anyhow, here is this story of the Great David Garrick—an actor of the 1800's and something. There's no synopsis so I can't tell you what it's all about.

I proceed to the next set which is "Sh-h-h, the Octopus" featuring Hugh Herbert and Allen Jenkins.

Hugh is a dumb detective and Allen is his dumber assistant. Hugh has discovered a corpse up on a sort of balcony. He throws it down and then slides down a rope after it. Only a double slides down in his stead. The double has his hands all taped up so the rope won't burn them. They pour something on his hands to make them smoke but they smoke too much and there is a great palaver on the set about just how much they *should* smoke. The make-up man puts make-up all over the tape so it won't show and when you see the smoke you'll think it's actually the man's palms that are smoking.

As soon as the double lights on the floor, Hugh steps in and takes his place.

Maybe this doesn't sound like much but it is really hilariously funny. And that is all I have to say. We proceed, blithesomely to—

Paramount

THERE'S plenty doing here but not for me. "Partners in Crime" boasts the presence of Lynne Overman and Roscoe

Lady in danger..

OF LOSING HER MAN!

Isn't it a shame she doesn't know this lovelier way to avoid offending?

BEFORE EVERY DATE, wise girls bathe with Cashmere Bouquet. For this deep-cleansing, perfumed soap not only keeps you sweet and clean, but also alluringly fragrant. No need to worry about body odor, when you bathe with Cashmere Bouquet.

YOU FEEL MORE GLAMOROUS when you guard your daintiness this *lovelier* way. Long after your bath, Cashmere Bouquet's flower-like perfume still clings lightly to your skin —keeping you so completely safe from any fear of offending!

SO ALLURING TO MEN—Cashmere Bouquet's lingering fragrance! But remember that only a rare perfume like Cashmere Bouquet's has that special *lingering* quality. Only Cashmere Bouquet Soap brings you the *lovelier* way to avoid offending!

NOW ONLY 10¢
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MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

This pure, creamy-white soap has such a gentle, caressing lather. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics—keeps your skin alluringly smooth, radiantly clear!

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

CHERAMY

April Showers Talc

IT'S *thrilling* to use only the softest, finest, imported talc . . . It's *exciting* to enjoy the refreshing fragrance of April Showers, *"The Perfume of Youth"* . . . And it's *satisfying* to get this luxury at so low a price . . . 28¢.

No wonder April Showers Talc is the most famous and best loved talcum powder in the world!

April Showers Perfume in purse-sizes—28¢, 50¢, $1.

Karns, to say nothing of Josephine Hutchinson, but the set is closed. "Sophie Lang Goes West," with Gertrude Michael and Lee Bowman, is supposed to be on Stage 13 but it isn't and no one knows where they're working. The "Bulldog Drummond" picture with John Barrymore and Reginald Denny is on location. So that only leaves "Ebb Tide" with Mr. Homolka, Ray Milland, Lloyd Nolan and Frances Farmer.

When the "Ebb Tide" scene is finished Ray says, "Come on with me and see the rushes of the shots we made over at Catalina Isthmus. You'll see some of the hammiest acting you've ever seen."

"Meaning you?" I query.

"Meaning me," he agrees.

But it isn't as hammy as Ray fears and he is so delighted I don't agree with him that he asks me to lunch. But allee samee, good old Paramount pays for the chow.

So now, having got the wrinkles out of my middle and there being nothing more to see here, we'll proceed to—

R-K-O

"ANNAPOLIS SALUTE" with Harry Carey, James Ellison, Marsha Hunt, Arthur Lake and Ann Hovey is on location. But "Stage Door" is here and as that certain person whom I don't like on this lot is not working today I get on the set. There are Ginger Rogers and Adolphe Menjou in all their glory.

It's a dressing room backstage, and they're preparing to make a close-up of Menjou. So he sits there while they focus the lights on him. I don't know where his stand-in is. He keeps up a constant flow of wise-cracks, telling the electricians to hurry up because the material in his suit is apt to fade. Finally they get the lights set and Ginger takes her place out of camera range to feed him his lines.

If Menjou could dance like Ginger he wouldn't need lines. I'm of a mind to point all this out to him but my guide hurries me away to the next set, which is—

"Music for Madame." This is Nino Martini's starring picture with Joan Fontaine in the lead, opposite him. This, too, has a novel plot or, at least, the plot has novel twists to it, which is almost as good. But it is too long and complicated to go into. The scene I see has no dialogue. Nino and Joan are working as extras on a set and they're all listening to a playback the tenor has made of a number. He isn't singing it very well and Nino keeps picturing himself in the part.

M-G-M

THERE'S plenty doing out here, too—too much, in fact.

"Black Lightning" with Bruce Cabot is on location.

"The Big City" starring Spencer Tracy and Luise Rainer is on the back lot. When I get out there I find a whole crowd of extras working and in addition there are a couple of old friends who have been seen all too seldom on the screen lately They are Regis Toomey and John Arledge (Crockett's Own). Both of them are fine actors and it is a reflection on casting directors that they don't work oftener.

But to get back to our mutton, Spence and Luise have just been married. No, that's wrong. They were already married but as they are coming out of a church (now don't start asking me why they were coming out of a church because I don't know) a couple of dicks step up and start to lead her away.

"You're Anna Benton?" one of them asks. She nods. "You'll have to come with me," he informs her.

"What for?" Spence asks, stalling for time. "What's she done?"

"We wouldn't know about that, Buddy," one of the dicks says. "We were just told to pick her up."

"But what do they want her for?" Spence persists, really bewildered now.

"I think they're sending her out of the country," the cop answers.

Rainer's eyes widen with fear at this and there is a buzz of resentment from the group around her. "Joe!" she wails to Spence, but he can't answer her. He is struggling with the frustration he feels.

"They want to send me away, Joe," she moans, her voice rising.

"They're not sending you any place, honey," he answers quickly, putting his arm around her.

"Look here, Mac," the detective says to Spence, "we've only got a job to do like anybody else. We've got to take her."

"I won't go! I won't go!" Rainer screams.

One of the detectives puts his hand on her arm trying to calm her. "No use making it tougher than you have to, sister," he tells her.

"Joe, don't let them," Luise screams hysterically. "I won't go! No! No!"

But the detectives drag her down the steps towards a car. Just as they reach the car she breaks free and dashes back up the steps into the church through the path the crowd quickly opens for her. As soon as she is through the crowd packs solid again and the cops can't get through. No one resists them—they just refuse to give

Scene from "Music for Madame." Nino Martini, the star, Joan Fontaine and Lee Patrick. Nice title.

ground. And the police are baffled.

"Boy, can't that girl run?" John murmurs as we watch her, and I mean to say she can. She scoots up those steps like a scared rabbit before a pack of hounds.

When the scene is finished Spence and I have a long talk about "Captains Courageous." I've seen every film Spence has made and it's one of two times I haven't liked him. I thought the film had moments of great beauty but I didn't like it as a whole and Spence is indignant—not on his own account but because he thinks Victor Fleming is the greatest director in the business and he doesn't think his work should be taken lightly. So I tell him I'll take Mr. Fleming's work profoundly, but even after seeing the film a second time I wasn't crazy about it.

We get nowhere arguing, so I leave Spence and proceed to the set of "The Bride Wore Red" starring Joan Crawford and with Franchot Tone and Robert Young in the supporting leads.

I get in on almost the last scene of the picture. Joan is an entertainer in a cheap cafe. A wealthy nobleman gives her a lot of money, sends her to a fashionable mountain resort and tells her to be a lady for a month. He paves the way for her by wiring his friends there. One of them falls madly in love with her and just as she is about to get him to marry her, a telegram comes revealing her true identity.

It is a beautiful set, with the front of the hotel and the balcony overlooking the gardens and drives. As I stand there Joan comes out of the hotel wearing a dark cape. She marches down the steps and down one of the drives, her form growing smaller and smaller in the distance. The deception is over. She can be herself again.

When the scene is finished, Dorothy Arzner who is directing the picture and whom I have never seen smile, says to Joan, "You look like Napoleon coming out of that door and marching down the steps in that cape."

So, for a joke, Joan does the scene again, pauses dramatically at the head of the steps and flings an edge of the cape over her shoulder in the manner of Napoleon.

"My Dear Miss Aldrich" starring Edna May Oliver is next. Maureen O'Sullivan is sitting on the set when I arrive and she begins kidding me about this column.

"I can tell you what you'll write about this picture," she informs me.

"What?" I demand.

"You'll say, 'Not much doing on the Aldrich set so I didn't waste much time there. Went on the next stage where the glamorous Myrna Loy was holding forth, etc., etc.' Why don't you marry the girl?" she finishes.

"Maureen, you hurt me when you talk like that," I tell her.

"Isn't it true?" she insists.

"No, it isn't," I snap, "and if you think I'm slighting people on this lot, why don't you write the department yourself one month."

"I'd love to," says Maureen, so next month, God willing, M-G-M will be covered for you by Miss Maureen O'Sullivan and I'll be on hand to see that she writes it up personally instead of letting the publicity department do it for her.

Just then the director calls her for a scene. She and Edna May have been having an argument when the 'phone rings.

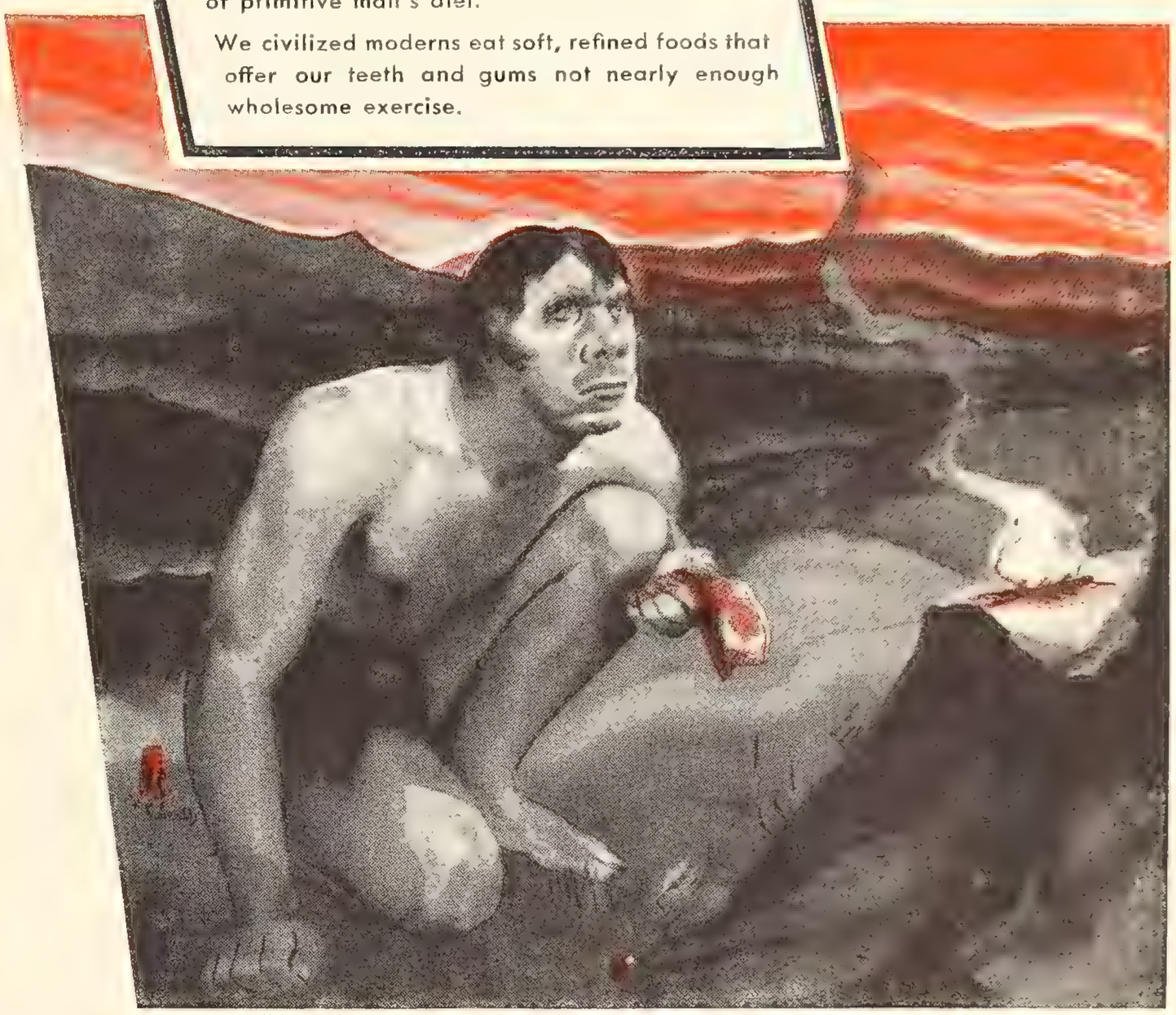
"You just make trouble for everybody," Edna May snaps. "Shall I answer the 'phone?" she asks suddenly as it keeps ringing.

"You might just as well," Maureen says. "That's why they're ringing. When they *don't* want you to answer that's when they

CAVEMAN got a break!

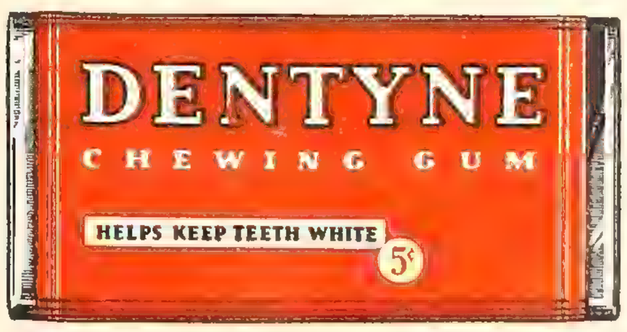
Not many comforts in the life of an ancient caveman! But he had one enviable piece of luck—tooth troubles seldom attacked him! His teeth were kept strong and healthy, as Nature intended, by exercise on the tough, chewy foods of primitive man's diet.

We civilized moderns eat soft, refined foods that offer our teeth and gums not nearly enough wholesome exercise.



DENTYNE HELPS KEEP TEETH STRONGER, WHITER! We moderns find Dentyne a wonderful, *natural* aid to mouth health. Its specially firm consistency invites more vigorous chewing, gives teeth and gums healthful exercise. It works in Nature's own way to help you keep your mouth healthy, gums pink and firm, teeth sound and white!

LADEN WITH DELICIOUS FLAVOR! Just taste Dentyne for yourself—that fragrant pink rectangle is loaded with mellow, spicy flavor! And notice the flat package (an exclusive Dentyne feature)—made to park so neatly and handily in your pocket or purse.



HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE

MOUTH HEALTHY

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DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

WORLD'S MOST POPULAR LAXATIVE

SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED!

EX-LAX NOW BETTER THAN EVER!

FOR OVER 30 years, millions of people have been proclaiming Ex-Lax "the ideal laxative" . . . "Ex-Lax is *everything* a good laxative should be!" they told us.

But, in the world of science, there are no such words as "good enough." Skilled chemists are constantly at work, seeking new means of making good products *better!* And in the Ex-Lax laboratories the "impossible" has been accomplished!

After a long period of patient effort, a way has been found actually to *improve* Ex-Lax . . . to make it *even better* than ever before. A more satisfactory and efficient laxative in every way!

- **TASTES BETTER THAN EVER!** No matter how much you may have liked Ex-Lax before, it tastes even better now! Its delicious all-chocolate flavor is smoother and richer than ever!
- **ACTS BETTER THAN EVER!** Always dependable in action, Ex-Lax is now even *more effective!* It empties the bowels more thoroughly—more smoothly—in less time than before.
- **MORE GENTLE THAN EVER!** Ever famous for its mildness, Ex-Lax is today so remarkably gentle that, except for the relief you get, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative. No shock—no violence!

Ex-Lax works by the "Gentle Nudge" system. It simply gives your intestines a *gentle nudge* at the point where constipation exists, emptying the bowels thoroughly but *easily* and *comfortably!*

Ex-Lax won't upset your system or disturb your digestion. It won't cause stomach pains, nausea or weakness. Ex-Lax affords as near a natural bowel movement as any laxative can give.

If you are suffering from headaches, biliousness, or that dull "blue" feeling so often caused by constipation—you'll *feel better* after taking Ex-Lax! And you'll be grateful for the absence of "forcing" and strain that make the action of a harsh cathartic such an unpleasant experience.

Your druggist now has the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes! *The box is the same as always—but the contents are better than ever!* Get a box today!

FREE! If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. S107, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Now Improved—Better than Ever

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

don't ring."

"And that's another thing," EM snaps sharply, en route to the 'phone. "That sarcastic sarcasm of yours." She picks up the 'phone. "Hello—Yes—Miss Martha Aldrich? —What?—One minute, please—" she turns to Maureen. "It's New York calling."

"New York?" Maureen repeats in visible agitation.

"Yes," says Edna May and turns to the mouthpiece again, "Pardon me—New York, New York?—Thank you." She turns to Maureen again, "It's New York, New York."

Miss Oliver seems to be having troubles with her lines as well as her niece (Maureen) so I wave goodbye to Maureen and proceed to the "Double Wedding" set, just as she predicted. But the glamorous Myrna Loy isn't working today and neither is the suave William Powell, nor the juvenile John Beal nor the beauteous Florence Rice. In fact, nobody is working but about three hundred extras and I don't think even the director could tell you what *they're* supposed to be doing so I don't waste much time there. I move over to the next stage.

"Love, Live and Learn" is in work here.

This stars Robert Montgomery and Rosalind Russell and has the snappiest dialogue of the month. The stars have just been married and Bob brings Rosie up about five flights of stairs to his room. As they reach the top of the stairway Rosalind, somewhat out of breath, says, "I can't see why people waste money climbing in Switzerland when you can get the same thing here—and so much better."

"Would you mind carrying *me* over the threshold?" Bob asks plaintively.

"It's a woman's world," she sighs.

"I've never seen any 'Women-At-Work' signs on the roads," he protests, picking her up and carrying her into the studio which is lighted only by the moonlight. Once inside, he kisses her. Then he puts her down, goes to the light switch and speaks severely: "Well, here it is. You asked for it." He snaps the switch on, revealing what is really a dump.

Rosalind looks all around before speaking. "And you told me it wasn't nice!" she expostulates, which just goes to show you that LOVE is REALLY blind. "You tried to sneak out of marrying me by lying," she goes on accusingly.

"For a girl like you it's squalor," Bob laments.

"It's nothing of the sort," she retorts indignantly.

"Won't you walk into my squalor said the spider to the fly," Bob paraphrases. "Face the facts, Julie." He goes to a corner of the room and draws aside a curtain revealing a two-burner gas ring and a rickety icebox. "Your kitchen," he explains.

"Well, it's compact," she concedes. "At least, I won't have to wear myself out trudging from the stove to the icebox."

He goes to another corner of the room and opens a door revealing a small tub encased in a wooden frame with a water heater on the shelf above it. "Your bathroom. Part of it's just off the hall."

"It's what I'd call 'The Bathroom Friendly,'" she enthuses.

Just then the door opens and Robert Benchley lurches in. He motions Bob back with a scornful gesture and walks with supreme dignity to Miss Russell. Having reached her, he takes her hand, bends down to kiss it and falls flat on his face.

"Oscar," Bob commands, "get up."

"I don't think he's playing," Rosie opines. "Who is he?"

"Well, he sort of lives here," Bob explains.

"Shall I get some water to throw on him?" she offers.

"Wouldn't do any good unless we decide

to drown him," Bob tells her, knowing Bob —or Oscar, I mean—of old.

"Once more," the director calls, "and, Rosie, this time try to get a little more surprise into your face when Mr. Benchley enters."

When the scene is finished I go over to say hello to Rosalind. "What are you doing on *this* set when Miss Loy is working?" she demands in simulated surprise.

"She *isn't* working," I answer pettishly and move on to the next set, there seeming to be no limit to the "next sets" today.

This next one is a re-make of that old tear-jerker "Madame X" which catapaulted Ruth Chatterton and Raymond Hackett to fame. Gladys George is playing the Madam and she has just come in from a rendezvous with a friend, hoping her husband isn't home yet. But he is. And what's more, he's waiting for her in her very own room when she snaps on the light. Her doom is in his eyes—she sees it there! (the script says).

"Come downstairs," he orders. "I want to talk to you."

"No, Bernard," she says quietly—desperately, "I can't—not tonight."

"Tonight—now," he insists harshly.

"In the morning—when I'm able to," she pleads desperately.

"Who is this man, Jacqueline?" he asks, his tone deadly—even.

"Bernard—help me—please help me," she whispers.

"Help you!" he echoes quietly. "It's all I can do—not to *kill* you."

Her reaction to this surprises him. He doesn't know she has just seen a murder. "Who is he?" he insists.

"If it would make it any easier for you, I'd tell you," she whispers, "but it wouldn't! Only hurt you more—and I've hurt you enough." He nods grimly and she continues: "I'm hurt, too. Horribly! But that doesn't matter. It's you. If I made full confession—could you forgive me? It would help you, too. Could you—a little bit?"

She is very eager and concentrated about this. He looks at her a second. In his mind is only the picture of her unfaithfulness—some other man's arms about her. "Not the slightest," he finally admits.

"Then I can't tell you," she says, utterly crushed. "I can't tell you anything, if there's no pity, Bernard. I need help."

"It's too late to ask for that," he mutters with a gesture of disgust.

"Cut!" orders the director.

It seems strange one minute to see Miss George pleading for her life almost and the next minute, when the camera has stopped turning, to see her saunter over to a mirror, adjust her gown and give a pat or two to her hair. But, for a woman, I always say, while there's life there's make-up and where there's make-up there's always hope.

Yeah, theres even another "Next Set." This one is called "This Is My Wife" and it features George Murphy and Josephine Hutchinson. But I'm not going to tell you about it because I see almost the end of the picture and by the time you read this you'll probably have seen it yourself. But the scene I watch is really gay, Maizie, GAY.

I wish I could say "See You Next Month" but there's still—

Twentieth Century-Fox

There's more doing here than I like, too. The most important, of course, is "In Old Chicago." "You never come on the set of a picture where I'm working, *when* I'm working," Andy Devine yaps as I make my entrance. "I'm not in any more scenes today and you'll miss me again."

"All right," I agree, "that's the first break I've had today but as long as I don't

a word to the wise *from*

Bruce Cabot

Bruce Cabot — don't fail to see his new Grand National picture, "Love Takes Flight"

A DEVASTATING WAY TO DESCRIBE A GIRL

A GIRL might just as well wear a tag when people refer to her as "Oh, *that* girl!"

For she is marked as a person unpleasant to be with—a person to be avoided because she carries the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

You can't expect people, men especially, to tolerate this in a girl, no matter how attractive she may be in other ways.

The smart modern girl knows that her underarms need *special daily* care. Soap and water alone are not enough.

And she knows the quick easy way to give this care. Mum!

Quick to use. Harmless to clothing. Half a minute, when you're dressing, is all you need to use Mum. Or use it after dressing, any time. For Mum is harmless to clothing.

Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Doesn't prevent natural perspiration. And you should know this—that Mum prevents every trace of perspiration odor without affecting natural perspiration itself.

Don't label yourself as *"the girl who needs Mum."* Use it regularly every day and you'll be safe! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM

USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO and you'll never have a moment's worry about this source of unpleasantness.

takes the odor out of perspiration

have to really watch you, I'll tell you what I'll do. You pick out a good scene from your script and I'll *pretend* I watched you make it."

"You're a cad," Andy announces and then adds hastily, "but I'll do it—for your public's sake."

"Your public's sake is what you really mean, isn't it?" I counter.

"Shut up," says Andy, and turns to Tyrone Power. "That's what comes of getting intimate with writers."

So here is the scene I'm supposed to have seen.

Clarence Wilson (a shyster Lawyer) and Tyrone are walking down the street towards the courthouse. "The District Attorney said if you're worried, he'll lend us some of his own witnesses to prove Mitch hasn't been in Chicago in two years," Wilson laughs.

"That's the kind of prosecutor I like," Tyrone agrees.

They turn into the courthouse yard and Andy runs (that lummox running!) down the steps to meet them. "It ain't fair," he yells, his voice breaking in all directions.

"What's the matter?" Tyrone asks.

"The District Attorney," Andy sputters, sore as hell, "And after we had him all fixed, too!"

"What are you talking about?" Tyrone demands, grabbing him roughly by the arm.

"He went and fell down and broke his ankle and he ain't here!" Andy squeals, his voice rising to the upper regions.

"The fool!" Tyrone squawks. "Don't he even know how to walk straight!"

"And the judge has appointed somebody else to take his place—I don't know whom," Andy continues.

"What's that mean?" Tyrone wants to know.

"It just means it ain't fixed," Andy finishes sadly and turns to me triumphantly as they finish acting it out for me in Tyrone's dressing room: "Ain't that a cute scene?"

"Mr. Devine, it's super-colossal," I agree.

"Aw, gwan," says Andy, "you wouldn't even know good acting if you saw Booth and Mansfield rolled into one.

My dears, if you're still with me, you're going to cover the other two sets on this lot faster than three sets were ever covered.

First there's "Look Out, Mr. Moto" and my blood begins to boil. The scene isn't important but what makes me mad is this:

Irene Dunne and Cary Grant are co-starring in "The Awful Truth." This scene is in the court room, but Cary really needs a balcony here.

Norman Foster is directing it and he's done a pretty good job of directing his first two pictures. I've never yet seen an actor who didn't want to be a director and when one finally makes the grade you'd think the others would pitch in and help him and root for him. But, no! Peter Lorre is all right but the others, headed by Robert Kent, are, in a nice, quiet little way of their own making it just about as tough for Norman as they can. When he calls for a rehearsal they continue chatting as though they hadn't heard him. When he calls for a take one drifts off to fix his make-up. When that one's make-up is fixed another one goes. They don't all go at once. Anything to throw him behind schedule. If they were stars it would be different but there's no one in the cast of any importance except in his own eyes.

The last picture on the lot, for which God Save the King, is Eddie Cantor in "Ali Baba Goes To Town." And this, too, for which more thanks, is a silent shot. It is the outside of the sultan's palace and Eddie is sitting on some cushions with chains on his hands and feet, which is what you might call "The Jailers Friendly" when they give you cushions to sit on. It's just a close-up of Eddie and no dialogue. Louise Hovick, *nee* Gypsy Rose Lee is on the set but she isn't in the shot and there's no indication she's going to do her specialty so I leave with even more thanks.

Another month like this and I'll be in a straitjacket. And no cracks.

Cashing In On Their Fame

[*Continued from page* 51]

a-buying—just like hot-cakes!), and her latest is a black orchid, which is actually a dark, greyish black in color and very tawny, and came clear from the uplands of the headwaters of the Orinoco River in South America.

Greta Garbo's sideline is that of being "landlady"—imagine paying your rent to the great one! Anyhow, she owns several model apartment houses in an industrial section of Stockholm, Sweden, which are principally rented to factory hands and other working people at very low rentals. Her part in this rather surprising financial venture came to light many weeks ago when the company, under the name of the Consumers' Co-Operative Society, applied for permission to issue stock.

Garbo, too, owns Hollywood property, but not her own home. Neil Hamilton owns it and rents it to the fair Greta. Recently returning from a two-year stay in England, Neil reported Garbo to be the ideal tenant. He said that she not only has her rent check in the mail always well in advance of the payment date, but she has planted many lovely trees and flowers and shrubs on the grounds, and built a high and decorative wall about the estate. Of course, her presence in the neighborhood has not weakened the value of the neighborhood any!

John Boles' commercial tie-up is most unusual. He operates a big chicken ranch in his spare time and you can sometimes see him making a personal delivery of eggs at the market at La Cienega and Beverly boulevards! Into each carton goes a little printed slip carrying Boles' picture and the name of the next film in which he will appear! Cute, eh?

Investing most of her huge earnings wisely in Government bonds, Mae West also has bought a vast hoard of diamonds, believing them to be a good investment. But in doing so she has virtually become a diamond expert, and has often been told

WHY AREN'T BABIES BORN WITH BLACKHEADS?

7 out of 10 women blame their skin for blackheads, when they should blame their cleansing method

By *Lady Esther*

Everywhere I go I hear women say "Oh! well, there's nothing I can do about it, I guess I was born with this kind of skin."

They're referring, of course, to hateful, mocking, stubborn blackheads. But stop a minute and think! Did you ever see a baby with blackheads? Of course not. Then where do those blackheads come from?

These blemishes are tiny specks of dirt which become wedged in your pores.

How do they start?

It's sad but true, blackheads take root because your cleansing methods fail. You know you can't wash blackheads away. And they only laugh at your surface cleanser. The longer these blackheads stay in your skin, the blacker and more noticeable they grow.

Switch to a Penetrating Cream

See with your own eyes, the amazing improvement in your skin when a cream really penetrates the dirt in your pores.

Let me send you, free and postpaid, a generous tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream, so that you can prove every statement I make. It is an active cream. It's penetrating, because it penetrates pore-dirt. You can see the results. You can feel the difference.

When your free supply of cream arrives, smooth on enough to cover your face and neck. At the very first touch your skin will perk up. Why? Because my cream is a cooling, soothing, refreshing cleanser.

When you wipe it off, you may be shocked to see how grimy the cloth looks. But it's a sign this penetrating cream goes after deep-down dirt that causes those blackheads.

Write now for your free supply

Just send me the coupon today, and by return mail I will send you my generous gift tube of Lady Esther Face Cream. I'll also send you all ten shades of my Face Powder free, so you can see which is your most flattering color—see how Lady Esther Face Cream and Face Powder work together to give you perfect skin smoothness. Mail me the coupon today.

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Please send me a free supply of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream; also all ten shades of your Face Powder, free and postpaid.

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(*If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ontario*) (37)

RUBY KEELER, popular dancing screen star

Names "Y" Her Favorite

Ruby Keeler tries both powders in plain white boxes. She likes both, but prefers "Y"—the new MAVIS, *mildly scented.* Other lovely stars choose "X"—the original MAVIS, *fully scented.*

MAVIS flatters your skin like a glamorous face powder. Spreads evenly—clings for hours—leaves a bewitching fragrance that *lasts!* MAVIS safeguards summer daintiness and makes clothes slip on much more easily.

NEW! MILDLY SCENTED MAVIS

Created for the woman who prefers a subtly perfumed talcum. 33-hole needle-spray top showers body with light film of powder more effectively than old-fashioned powder puffs.

PURITY TEST: In a test with ten well known face powders, MAVIS talcum was found to be finer in texture and smoother on the skin, than seven out of ten face powders. Get your MAVIS today at your favorite store.

by professional gem appraisers that they would engage her in that capacity any time. Mae loves all gems and is seriously thinking of opening a smart jewelry store when she eventually retires from the screen.

Deanna Durbin and Jane Withers both draw nice royalty checks from lines of dresses named after them. Shirley Temple's income from the dolls, dresses, books, hats, gloves, socks, undies and hair ribbons bearing her name amounts to something like $5,000 a week, which is really something if you ask us!

Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez own and operate the surf board concession at the Catalina Isthmus, and have two Honolulu beach boys to teach the art of keeping an upright position while riding the waves.

Edmund Lowe raises grapes on his big ranch and sells them by the ton; Lewis Stone and Paul Muni both own citrus orchards at Encino, Muni owning also a bumper crop of walnuts; Spencer Travey's avocadoes bring him in a good sum, and Louise Fazenda yearly markets a tremendous crop of oranges and lemons.

Randolph Scott owns and operates by remote control large orchard and cotton interests in the South, and has a part ownership in one of Virginia's most profitable horse-breeding establishments.

Gloria Stuart, long loving the field of newspaper work, has been quietly buying a Northern California newspaper to which she will someday retire in the role of publisher when she feels her film work is ended. Meanwhile, her brother operates the paper and reports to her regularly.

Ralph Bellamy and Charles Farrell joined hands and started, as a sideline, The Racquet and Tennis Club at Palm Springs. It was more of a gag than anything else. But that was several years back. Today, imagine their surprise to find themselves in possession of a $100,000 business.

In experimenting to find an ideal cold cream for her own use, Constance Bennett suddenly made the discovery that she was a cosmetician of expert rating—and so she opened a smart cosmetic shop to put her champagne cold creams on the market. With her business ability, she'll probably clear up a million!

Conrad Nagel owns a food market and once in a while, for a lark, he personally waits on his customers! Bebe Daniels owns a beauty parlor and an exclusive dress shop. And Charles Bickford still retains an interest in his "ladies lingerie" business.

Reginald Denny makes a lot of spare cash with his store on Hollywood which specializes in toy model airplanes. Apart from this, he has another sideline that's little known.

He revealed to us recently that he is working upon a radio-controlled flying bomb which can be hurled against any target within a radius of 50 miles, thus making America invulnerable. Incidentally, he has been playing with the idea for several years and a goodly slice of the profit he gets out of his latest film, "The Great Gambini," will go into future experimentation which he believes will later bring him in great revenue.

No matter how young or how old your Hollywood star, it seems they all have their special sideline. Even small, 8-year-old Virginia Weidler is also a business woman with a sideline. For example:

"Buy a chance for a dime?" she recently asked director Frank Lloyd on a set at Paramount.

"A chance for what?" Lloyd wanted to know.

This stumped Virginia, but not for long.

"Oh, for a lot of money," she vouchsafed.

"How much money?" insisted Lloyd.

"Depends on how much I collect today," Virginia replied with withering scorn.

Virginia won. Lloyd paid. But the payoff is not yet!

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Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

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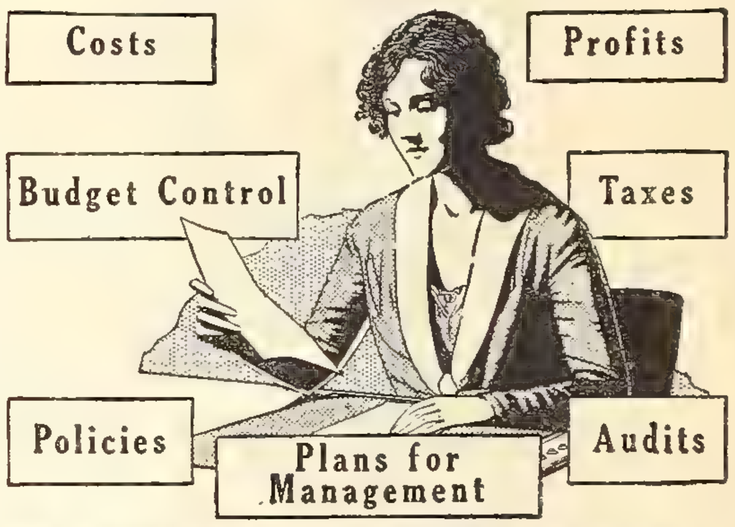

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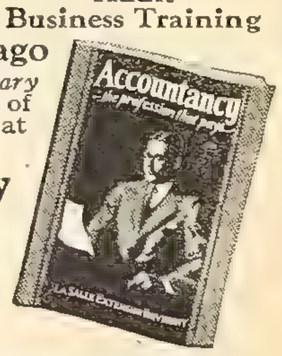

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Present Position.....

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When Rubinoff played his violin in "You Can't Have Everything," the audience was glad to see the celebrated radio musician. The screen welcomes any artist who can do his stuff, and even forgives a bit of mugging.

It's A Man's World

[*Continued from page* 30]

other hand, the patrician Mr. Tone sailed into his stooge role with complete abandon, making a royal idiot of himself and consequently stealing the picture (not that it was worth stealing).

You can't play comedy if you're afraid of making yourself look ridiculous. Remember Carole Lombard galumphing across the screen, dripping wet, screeching "Godfrey loves me!" Her new picture, "Nothing Sacred," gives full play to Carole's peculiar flair for making fun of her more stately sisters, their soulful expressions and dramatic poses.

Patsy Kelly, queen of low comediennes, has a dancer's expressive body. There is humor simply in her belligerent stance. Miriam Hopkins, most expert at light comedy, has never bungled a comic situation by worrying about her glamour, since her first success as the prim princess of "Smiling Lieutenant," maidenly but very eager.

Jean Harlow had all the instincts of the true comedienne. Her best characterizations, in "Redheaded Woman," "Red Dust," and "China Seas," were vigorous and straightforward sketches of a very real type, with delightful touches of satire.

It is not only comic portrayals that are hindered by the average Hollywood actress's desire to be glamorous on all occasions. Any violent emotion is bound to muss up your face. Most pretty young stars express terror with wide, rounded eyes or cry with drooping mouth and a few crystal drops sparkling down their unruffled faces. But Sylvia Sidney, most beautiful of film actresses, is not beautiful when her features are distorted by terror or crumpled with tears. And the reality of her emotion goes right to our hearts.

Men—the lucky wretches—are free to flaunt the individuality of their plain, handsome or ugly mugs before the lens. But women, as usual, are sternly regimented.

This preoccupation with conventional beauty is partly responsible for the incessant begging for sympathy that weakens feminine characterization. No actress, from

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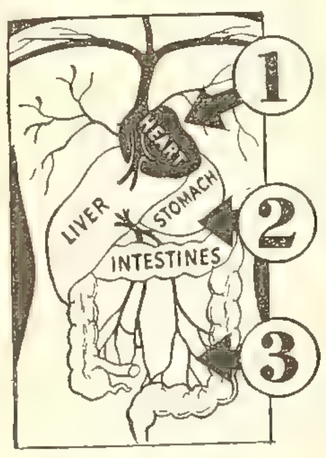

Rich red blood, necessary to properly nourish and build up every part of the body, is especially promoted by this new discovery where iron is needed.

A healthy digestion which gets ALL the good out of your food requires an adequate supply of Vitamin B. This new discovery supplies this element.

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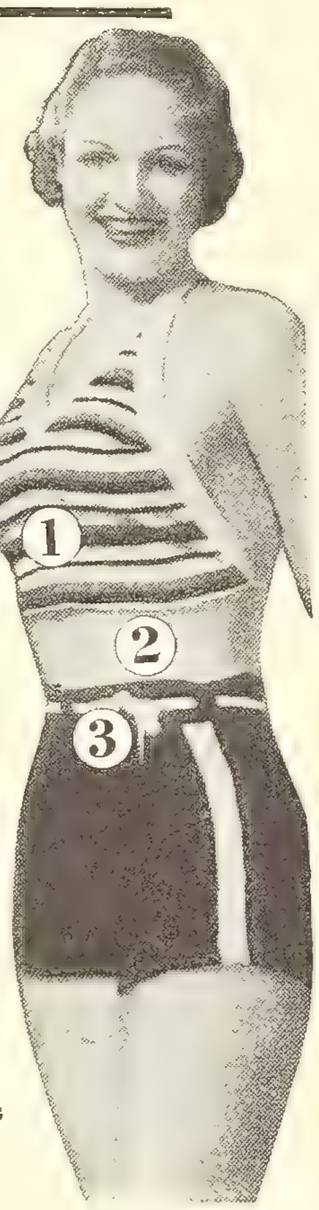
NOW thousands of skinny, rundown men and women can say goodbye to bony angles and unsightly hollows that rob them of natural attractiveness. For with this new easy 3-way treatment, hosts of people who never could gain an ounce before have put on pounds of solid, normally good-looking flesh —*in just a few weeks!*



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the great star to the little ingenue, would hesitate to play a lady of easy morals or a heartless coquette—provided the woman's character never shows in her face.

However, as an exception, the shallowness of Ruth Chatterton's *Fran Dodsworth* and the flabby soul of Bette Davis' *Mildred* in "Of Human Bondage" were marked in every line of their faces. Both actresses can be thoroughly charming; but they did not mar these two great performances by insistence on looking beautiful and lovable.

Among the smaller parts, the tendency to slight feminine characterization is even more noticeable. From all her screen roles, Aline McMahon has had just one truly worthy of her rare ability—*Lily* in "Ah, Wilderness," a subtle and gracious portrait, concentrating into brief footage a delicate blend of humor and compassion.

One group of film players is dominated by women—the younger set of juveniles. Hollywood has no quintet of young actors to match Frances Dee, Maureen O'Sullivan, Claire Trevor, Frances Farmer and Ida Lupino. The pretty he-ingenues, and square-jawed nonentities so often teamed with these girls, are put to shame by the easy performances and characterful as well as lovely faces of their feminine partners.

Of course, we must remember that the ranks of the all important people behind the stars are also dominated by men. Hollywood has women directors and many women scenario writers, but our sex is definitely in the minority in this field. Looking back at such a film as "The Black Legion," and comparing the magnificent depth of realism in the speech and actions of its masculine characters with the slightly stilted scenes given to its women, we might conclude that men just don't understand how women think and feel.

Yet a majority of the screen's finest performances by actresses were founded on characters created by men. Look at Katharine Hepburn's *Alice Adams* and Helen Hayes' *Leora Arrowsmith*. I hate to admit it, but some men do seem to have a pretty good idea what goes on in a feminine heart.

But the brilliant actresses of Hollywood won't get a real chance to catch up with the actors until we haul down all the unfair, foolish old conventions that block the women's way.

Alice Faye dressed in the fashion of 1870 for a scene in "In Old Chicago," which has Tyrone Power and Don Ameche in the cast. The story concerns the love affair that started the great Chicago fire!

"A Woman may Marry whom She Likes!"

—said Thackeray. This great author knew the power of women—better than most women do. Men are helpless in the hands of women who really know how to handle them. You have such powers. You can develop and use them to win a husband, a home and happiness. Read the secrets of "Fascinating Womanhood" a daring book which shows how women attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology.

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But Not So Wicked

[*Continued from page* 29]

Rathbone is noted for his suave tones.

As gentle and as courtly off the screen as they are deadly on, each is endowed with a love for nature that is surpassed by no other quality. Ciannelli spends all his time between pictures in the open, either at the beach or tramping through the hills, and Rains and Rathbone both are confirmed hikers.

Characterized, too, by dark and piercing eyes, and faces revealing dynamic personalities, whenever either of these three flash on the screen he completely commands the attention of the audience. There is something about them that instantly causes spectators to view them in another light than that focused upon the other players, and in this individuality lies one of the secrets of their respective success.

Ask Ciannelli whether he prefers the stage or the screen, villainy or comedy, and he replies, blandly . . . "I like work." By that, he means the role's the thing. He wants to act, and he doesn't care in which medium it may be. He insists upon one stipulation only . . . the role must be meaty. In this respect, he is borne out by Rains and Rathbone.

To converse with these men, the interviewer finds Rains both reticent and explosive, and inclined to be shy. He talks with bombastic candor, as a rule; again, almost in monosyllables. Rathbone is the very reverse . . . he speaks in polished tones and words flow from his mouth with amazing rapidity. For his part, Ciannelli still retains his Italian accent, but his words are deeply convincing. Comparisons again . . . each possesses the knack of compelling the listener to hang onto his words, whether he will or not.

The future looms lustrously for this trio of players. Each a consummate actor, they already are firmly entrenched in the minds of motion picture audiences as villains par excellence . . . and whenever they appear on the screen their presence is greeted with a feeling akin to horror. And that, my friends, is the highest tribute that may be paid to an actor's ability!

To Play Is The Thing

[*Continued from page* 25]

unknown come to her secluded home in Brentwood to play there. Carole Lombard's cannily made chums of professional whiz Alice Marble and Alice's coach Eleanor Tennant; that shows Carole's plenty smart! Occasionally she sweeps over to Claudette Colbert's fancy court for a glamour-girl get-together. But Claudette's helpless before those fast ones of the Lombard.

Badminton, tennis with a feather for your ball, is rapidly gaining new recruits. The Tones are Hollywood's most promising exponents. Joan has only to glance at an airy shuttlecock and her sporting blood's aflame. She's going to get that feather over or else. She and Franchot practice diligently on week nights so that over the week-end they can run their guests ragged. One Sunday the terrible Tone, bounding like a Tartar from the Steppes, let Madge Evans beat him. But Madge discovered afterwards that he was just being gallant. When he trounced Robert Taylor, probably Hollywood's second-best badminton player, Madge's face began to go into a violent

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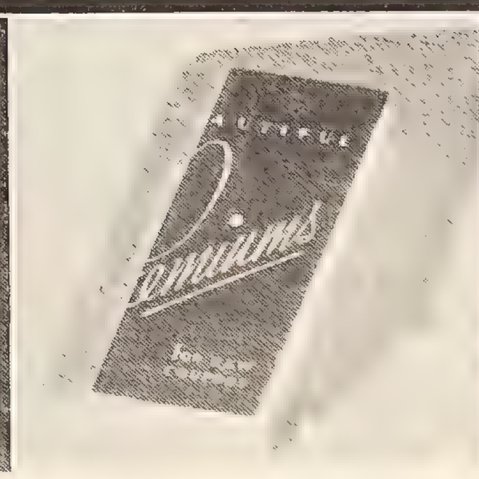

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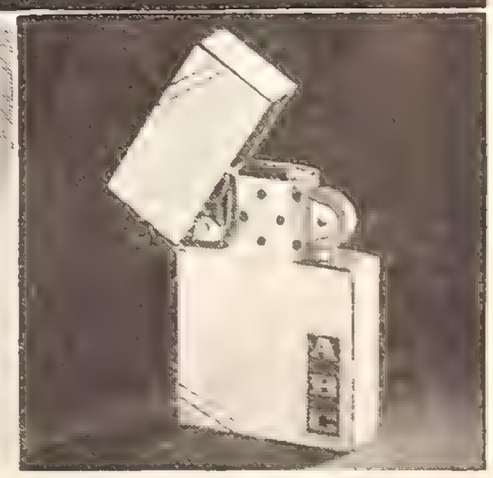

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blush. She's still inclined to swallow hard every time she remembers how she defeated Franchot.

As might be expected, since Bob has a net in his backyard Barbara Stanwyck has one in hers. Miss Stanwyck is Miss Crawford's rival for this particular crown. With Bob acting temporarily in London, what about inviting the Dick Powells over, Joan? There's such a twosomeness about badminton. Gale Sondergard has special bleachers built around her court and Dick Arlen won't attempt this game at all because he isn't a natural at it and he hates being beat.

A great deal of swimming has naturally been going on in the select star pools. At the Tones none of the company has ever demonstrated the grace and deftness of Joan herself. She swims ten lengths daily, employing the most perfect overhand I've seen; except when you beg her to show off she invariably wants to show how she can float! But with Johnny Weissmuller in Hollywood there isn't any choice as to who's tops in swimming. Buster Crabbe's obviously the runner-up. Eric Rhodes is third. Strangely, Eric read of Weissmuller's ability and swore to transform himself from a weak, puny fellow into a well-built swimmer. Eric, in his campaign, now has swum ten miles steadily in the Pacific; he's been tackling the Salton Sea's fifteen miles. The chemicals in the water of this inland sea, plus its extremely low altitude and savage currents, have stumped him so far. But watch out, Weissmuller! Norma Shearer is Joan Crawford's one peer among our lady swimmers. Norma's spent the summer at Lake Arrowhead among the pines, and with no studio to distract her she's pushed up her speed in the Australian crawl until now she shoots through the water. She might train with Bette Davis, who was once a lifeguard and who went to the beach for the summer and wound up with sunstroke just like a novice!

Bowling, for example, is swell for waist-slimming. Virginia Field has the edge on the actresses, for she's been dropping in at the Beverly-Wilshire Alley more often than Patricia Ellis, Ginger Rogers, and Alice Faye. When these girls vie I'm putting my cash on Virginia to win, place and show—with the tape measure as well as with the score. She's carefully acquired a flair for knocking over the pins that even worries Tyrone Power. He says that it'll be a dismal day when a woman bowls better than a man. He bowls there on Wilshire Boulevard two evenings each week; but James Dunn is still the niftiest and Allan Lane outshines Tyrone so far. Freddie March and John Howard have yielded to him, however. "When you can give that certain flick of the wrist," sighs Tyrone, "what a satisfaction you feel!"

Betty Jaynes, youthful singing star at M-G-M, is one of the champion bowlers of the film colony.

Jackie Searle is trying to argue George O'Brien into putting on a riding meet. While Victor McLaglen, and George, and Ray Milland and Joel McCrea are all exceptional horsemen, riding at the Riviera Club out towards the sea, little Jackie has taken more ribbons than any of his elders. He's another Tom Mix in kid's clothing—and is Jane Withers giving the glamour girls the grin! Jackie's her knight and wears her colors and with true feminine guile she's requested that he teach her how to jump and gallop.

On an aquaplane it's Weissmuller, with Allan Jones runner-up. It's twenty miles between Hollywood and Catalina Island, but that's nothing to them. At croquet, in case you're not quite so energetic, it's Glenda Farrell for the ermine. She pulled that old one about fun being fun, but a girl can't laugh all the time.

Projections—
Jeanette MacDonald

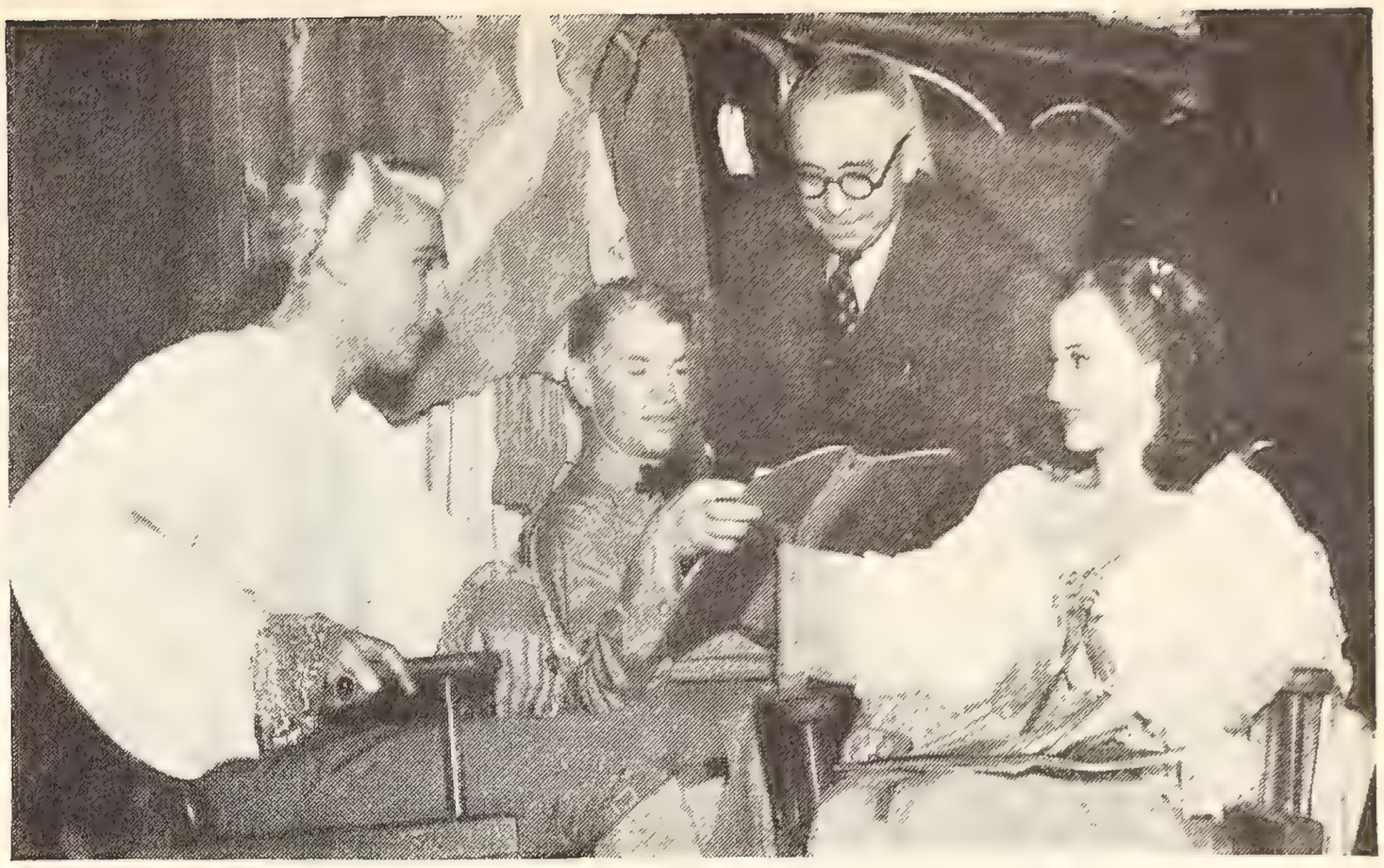
[*Continued from page* 23]

donna role in a child act he was forming. (At the time "child acts" were *the* thing.) Mr. MacDonald was rather secretly proud of his talented little daughter so he gave his consent for Jeanette, accompanied by her mother, to go on tour with the "act" which was composed of two girls and four boys.

The tour was a big success but came fall and Jeanette had to go back to school again, where she became captain of the girls' baseball team and spent her afternoons batting out home runs and perfecting her soft shoe technique at dancing school. But of all her lessons she preferred her singing lessons.

In the summer of her fourteenth year her father took her to New York to visit Blossom, who was already a professional dancer, and while there Blossom arranged for her little sister to "try-out" before the great Ned Wayburn. "What can you do?" Wayburn asked the little girl all done up in her sister's sealskin coat. "I can sing," said Jeanette and proceeded to do so. But she had barely completed the first verse of a popular song when Wayburn interrupted with, "Better go into your dance, child. You aren't going to go far as a singer."

That was the most depressing thing that had ever been said to Jeanette, and then and there she swore that Mr. Wayburn would some day have to eat those words, and that she would become a singer if it was the last thing she ever did.



Brian Aherne and Olivia de Havilland with Director James Whale (center) and Andy Kelly, a scribe, off-stage during the making of "The Great Garrick." The costume cycle is still very popular.

But for the nonce she became a dancer, a comedienne dancer, in one of Mr. Wayburn's shows, and finally landed in the chorus, second row, of her first musical comedy "Night Boat," which had a long run in Rochester. She hopefully understudied the prima donna and everybody in the show, but the entire cast was disgustingly healthy and Jeanette never had a chance to rush in at the last moment and save the show.

Because she wore cotton stockings, carried an umbrella if there was a cloud in the sky, and was never more than a few feet away from her mother, she was called "Elsie Dinsmore of the Night Boat," a name that stuck with her for quite a long time. Finally, fired by a fresh assistant stage manager who told her to "go back to your church socials, you'll never make an actress" (seems as if Jeanette made a lie out of a number of people) Jeanette next got herself a minor part in the famous "Irene" musical play, and continued there

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throughout its Chicago run.

At eighteen she was a sensation as a dancer in "The Magic Ring" on Broadway. In "Tip Toes" she got $350 weekly for her dancing. No more cotton stockings and blue serge and dowdy umbrellas for Jeanette! She blossomed out like the glamorous actress that she was, and was rapidly becoming the toast of Broadway, when her determination to become a singer got the best of her and she announced quite emphatically to the New York producers that she would sing, or nothing. It was nothing. "I want to sing," Jeanette told them, "I want to sing until my heart breaks, or until it stops breaking."

After months and months of her own personally conducted sit-down strike Jeanette discovered one dreary morning that she was flat broke. "I won't dance," said Jeanette, and it later became a song. She would sing, but nobody would listen. So in the middle of the hottest summer New York ever remembers Jeanette got a job modeling fur coats for out-of-town buyers in New York's famous wholesale district. That was zero hour for Mr. Mayer's future gold mine. Then came a prima donna role in the Chicago production of "Yes, Yes, Yvette," and, on Christmas day of that year, a Christmas present from the manager that she will never forget. Her name in lights! All of it. Jeanette MacDonald on the marquee of the theatre! Jeanette got in a taxi and drove around the theatre for hours just looking at her name in lights. And as she drove she remembered Arnold Daly's advice to her, "Shorten your name, Jeanette, it will never fit in lights." (This is getting to be a running gag.)

Then came successful seasons as the prima donna of "Sunny Days" and "Angela" on Broadway, and "Boom-Boom" in Chicago, and of course all of this led up to a screen test and Mr. Lubitsch dangling a nice fat Paramount contract. But Paramount and Jeanette came to the parting of the ways in 1932 because Paramount decided that singing pictures were no longer good box-office and that Jeanette in the future would be cast for straight roles. "I want to sing," said Jeanette and left for a concert tour through Holland, Spain, Switzerland, Belgium and France. She spent Christmas of that year at Antibes and found staying at the same hotel Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, and it was during the holidays that Mr. Thalberg received word from Hollywood that the public once more was clamoring for musicals. So he promptly signed Jeanette on a Metro contract, where she has been ever since. It was "Naughty Marietta," where-in she co-starred with Nelson Eddy, that sent her stock soaring. Today she is Hollywood's number one songbird.

Her love life she started at the tender age of nine when she fell in love with the little boy who sat across from her and who had hair as red as her own. Finding him interested she proceeded to write love notes to him, which would have been all right, but it just so happened that she was copying her love letters from a famous breach of promise suit that was being aired in the Philadelphia newspapers at that time. One day the teacher intercepted one of these letters, and little Jeanette was sent home to talk over things with her mother.

With a career on her hands Jeanette had little time for boy friends, though there were a couple of college boys. Bob Ritchie, handsome New Yorker, with whom her name was connected romantically for many years, became her agent when she started in pictures. But her first real romance it seems was Gene Raymond, whom she met nearly two years ago in the forecourt of the Chinese Theatre. Their engagement of a year finally culminated in Hollywood's most spectacular wedding last

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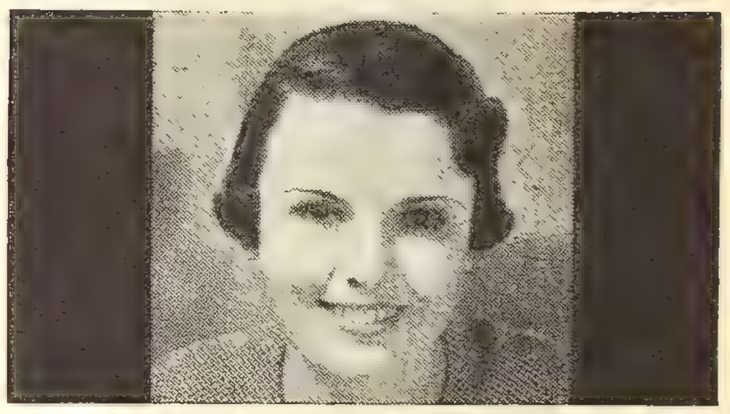

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June. Jeanette was determined to have a church wedding with all the trimmings and, by golly, she had it. She set the date far ahead and with the usual MacDonald determination and her knack for scheduling her life she kept the date—even though she had to go back for "re-takes" on "The Firefly."

Because of her quick, staccato-like mind Jeanette is called "Mrs. Wanger" by her close friends. It seems that one night she went with them to a preview of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." Before the name of the producer could be flashed on the screen Jeanette impatiently announced, "I thought it was a Wanger production." Even pictures, it seems, are not reeled off fast enough to keep up with her quick thinking mind. Although she doesn't mind nicknames for herself, she would never call any one else by a nickname. Inasmuch as she does not swear she has a most peculiar vocabulary when she becomes angry. A mixture of "flibberty gibbets" and "holy mackerels" and a jargon all her own—but those who have seen and heard the MacDonald flare-ups assure me that the effects are just as devastating as a flock of "damns."

Her fast thinking mind, which is always a jump ahead, often gets her in trouble, as witness an incident that happened last year at the Santa Anita race-track. Jeanette invariably gets an idea that her horse is not going to win and proceeds to tear up her ticket several seconds before the race is over. "Don't do that," Gene told her several times, "miracles can happen in the last second of a race." So, one day, Jeanette as usual decided that her poor nag didn't have a chance so she tore up the ticket. The "miracle" happened that Gene had been telling her about and her horse won. Jeanette, blushing from ear to ear, admitted that she had torn up the ticket and it was in shreds all over the floor. But again she proved herself master of the situation, of any situation; she got down on her knees salvaged all the bits, called for a waiter to bring her some flour and water and pasted the ticket together. When dry she proudly presented it to the cashier. It might be interesting to note that it was a two dollar ticket and that she only won a few pennies. The Scotch in her no doubt.

When "Stella Dallas" played in New York City, the important metropolitan reviewers all complimented Anne Shirley for her brilliant performance. Two years ago Will Rogers said she was as fine an actress as he had ever worked with. Will usually called the turn.

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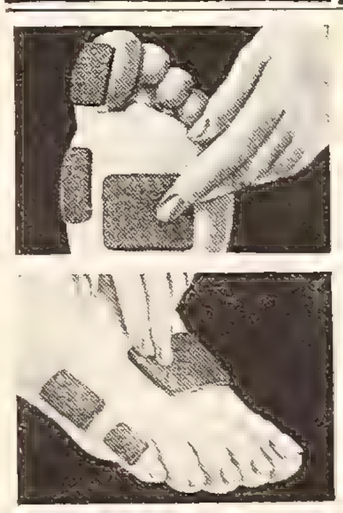

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Shirley Temple, on a vacation in Honolulu, drove through lanes of cheering thousands of Hawaiian fans.

The Hateful Part of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 17]

unburdened themselves. Studios unburdened themselves of them within a very short time.

The ironic thing about "playing politics" on the West Coast is the fact that you would have to be a seer to do it successfully all the time. It is all very well for a player or writer to establish himself with the right people in a certain company, but the right people themselves are likely to be on the skids when he wakes up some bright morning. As a matter of fact I don't believe anyone ever achieved a measure of lasting fame or fortune by playing politics without having the talent to make good on his or her own account. The trouble is that it is apt to put a false interpretation on even casual encounters and innocent gestures. It breeds suspicion and distrust in a group of people that should have all its energies free for making pictures.

One of the most amazing tales I have ever heard was told to me by a top-flight director whom I must keep anonymous. He was given the job of staging the first picture in which a newcomer to the screen was to appear. She was more of a personality than an actress and not without fame outside Hollywood. The first morning on the set he spent in getting acquainted with her and putting her at her ease. At lunch time, her business manager accompanied him to the commissary and slipped him an envelope. Before he went back to the set, he idly opened it and nearly jumped out of his chair. It contained $2,500 in crisp new bills.

He didn't go back to the set, but went instead to his office and called his producer, telling him of the incident. That obliging fellow told him to handle the situation himself. He summoned the business manager who had handed him the envelope.

"Just what is this all about?" he asked.

"Just a little pay-off to see that everything goes all right with the picture," was the answer.

"Oh, I see," said the director.

He went back to the set. When he was alone with the aspirant for stardom for a moment, he handed her the envelope as unobtrusively as possible, with the firm statement that there had been a mistake. Needless to say, she was surprised. There is a nice ending to the story. She is now one of the biggest stars in movies, she's given

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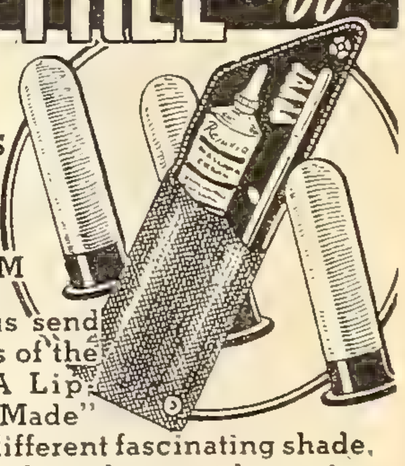

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Look lovely! Mold a beautiful, well-proportioned body. WITHOUT nerve-sapping diets, WITHOUT harmful medicines, WITHOUT massage creams—YOUR OWN LUNGS can do away with flabby hips, bulging waistline, double chin, sagging flesh. Learn how only A FEW MINUTES daily with Galiardo's brilliant "Breathe-Rite Dy-nam-ics" System can shape your body into lovely lines, tingling health, correct weight. It's easy—QUICK—it really works because it's Nature's way put into amazingly simple practice.

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Perfect Voice Institute, Studio 1317, 64 E. Lake St., Chicago

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DO YOU ATTRACT ROMANCE? WHAT MAKES A GIRL CLICK?

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Genuine Matura Diamond
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A flashing blue-white stone IMPORTED and MINED in the DIAMOND FIELDS of ASIA and AFRICA. A real zircon. This wonderful Gem WILL CUT GLASS, STAND ACID TESTS, NO FALSE BACK. OUR AA 1¼ carat stones are set in a solitaire diamond setting. The exquisite graceful mounting is simulated platinum. This lovely ring and its sparkling rainbow colors will make your hands very attractive. KEEP IT FOR 10 DAYS and if you and your friends do not think it is one of the most beautiful rings they have seen, return it and your money will be refunded. Send 25c today for postage, packing, etc. Your order sent by return mail. Total price of ring, $4.35.

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up bribing people and she and the director are the best of friends.

So far this catalogue of dislikes has been in very general terms. It is not a pleasant atmosphere that is bred by an overwhelming emphasis on success, by instability of existence, by fear or fawning for favors, but it is less the result of actual viciousness on the part of screen people than it is the manifestation of a frantic professional and personal existence. It is my firm conviction that Hollywood will become an increasingly pleasant and friendly place as the public increasingly accepts the screen as the most significant and vital medium of our time and its practitioners as skilled artisans of a complex art form.

I can still name some distinctly personal dislikes that I carried away with me from my visit to the West Coast. There is, for example, the show-off. It is probably inevitable that a dramatic medium should spawn these exhibitionists, but they are particularly offensive in Hollywood. They can spoil a party faster than celluloid will burn and they can make life generally hideous with little or no encouragement. Few of the really distinguished people in films are among their number, but there is scarcely any place you can go that you won't run into them.

Then there is the arrant parasite, who fastens like a leech to an important personage. He gives absolutely nothing for value received and survives solely through the kindness and mistaken charity of his victims. You can detect him usually by the way in which he bandies about the names of the great, with whom he is always on the most intimate terms. His ilk varies from straight dead-beats to blackmailers.

The gossip is another Hollywood type that gave me the creeps. He or she, as the case may be, is always ready to relay juicy items of scandal about anyone and everyone. Most of the stories are founded on such evidence as a couple of stars having lunch together or "I have a cousin who knows someone who was actually there and saw it with his own eyes." The professional gossips—the paragraphers—frequently use these lurid tidbits without making any effort to check on their authenticity and, in many instances, they do irreparable harm. It is a case of envy and malice gone hog wild in a community that must of necessity court publicity.

There are others on my list—the up-stage notables, the practical joker who doesn't know when to stop, the coy ingenue who really believes that sex appeal is a substitute for artistry and the leading man who thinks he is irresistible to all women. None of these offensive people are peculiar to Hollywood, of course, but in the close-knit society that exists there, they are almost impossible to avoid.

The rest of my dislikes are milder and are the sort that would be shared by most Easterners. For geographical as well as other reasons, such as the enormous concentration on one medium, there is a remoteness about the film capitol that makes one often stop and wonder what's going on in the rest of the world. There's a lack of variety to the physical scene and to the climate that bothered me at times. And the sheer business of getting from Culver City to Burbank or from studios to homes meant too much time in an automobile for my pleasure.

If this series of impressions gives you the idea that I don't like Hollywood, I have failed to explain myself clearly. On the whole, it is a vastly stimulating, hospitable and interesting community. Most of its unpleasant features, for that matter, are being eradicated as the business of making films becomes more mature. In the meantime I am perfectly content not to live there and yet I can think of no place I would rather visit.

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To make teeth brilliant, your smile truly attractive, gums too must be cared for. You cannot trust to half-way measures. Begin the two-way care dentists advise, tonight.

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Forhan's Toothpaste was developed by Dr. R. J. Forhan, eminent dental surgeon, to do *both* vital jobs—clean teeth and *safeguard gums*. It contains a special ingredient found in no other toothpaste. End *half-way care*. Get a tube of Forhan's today! Also sold in Canada.

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The Final Fling

THE THEATRES showing pictures are like airline terminals.

We went into one recently on Broadway, and such is the perfection of our picture-viewing technique that we were carried away . . . the lift of a sailing vessel out at sea, and the endless wastes of water reaching to the horizon seemed convincingly real . . . "Souls at Sea," of course. And we visited the Himalayan frontier troops, a little later, by seeing "Wee Willie Winkie."

DO YOU lose yourself in a picture? If you do, and can let yourself go until the scenes seem to be part of you, that proves you are blessed with imagination and may have the talents of an actor, artist, writer or musician.

WE HAVE been in theatres when an overwrought member of the audience has cried out. The degree of unselfconsciousness which enabled that person to be thus emotionally moved is a very valuable quality. Writers having this temperament give us stories of great reality. Inventors who are able to shut the world outside of their dreaming are the ones who solve their own problems.

Do you hate to be spoken to while the picture is showing? So do we.

THE OTHER evening we went to a double-bill theatre and, for a change, saw one film from first to last and enjoyed it tremendously. The two feature plan gives the audience at least one picture in correct sequence. The entire evening gave us more pleasure than a one picture bill could have supplied. Of course, it was the last picture shown that we saw completely, and, when we returned to the street, the characters of the story were still moving before our mind's eye.

Do you prefer single or double bills? Two pictures or one?

IN KENNY Baker's picture, Alice Brady plays a temperamental diva with such gusto and spirit that her scenes awaken the whole picture. Even Kenny himself catches the gay mood of make-believe and is much better in his scenes with Alice Brady. She is one of America's few great actresses and on the screen she has no equal. Alice Brady is a great artist because she *plays a scene*. She can be surrounded by "atmosphere" and a cast of real players, but when the character that she represents is in the clutch of emotion, Alice Brady is like one possessed.

Never miss a chance to see her.

WITH THIS issue SILVER SCREEN completes its seventh year and we are very happy to say that recently this magazine has received approving letters and complimentary newspaper comment.

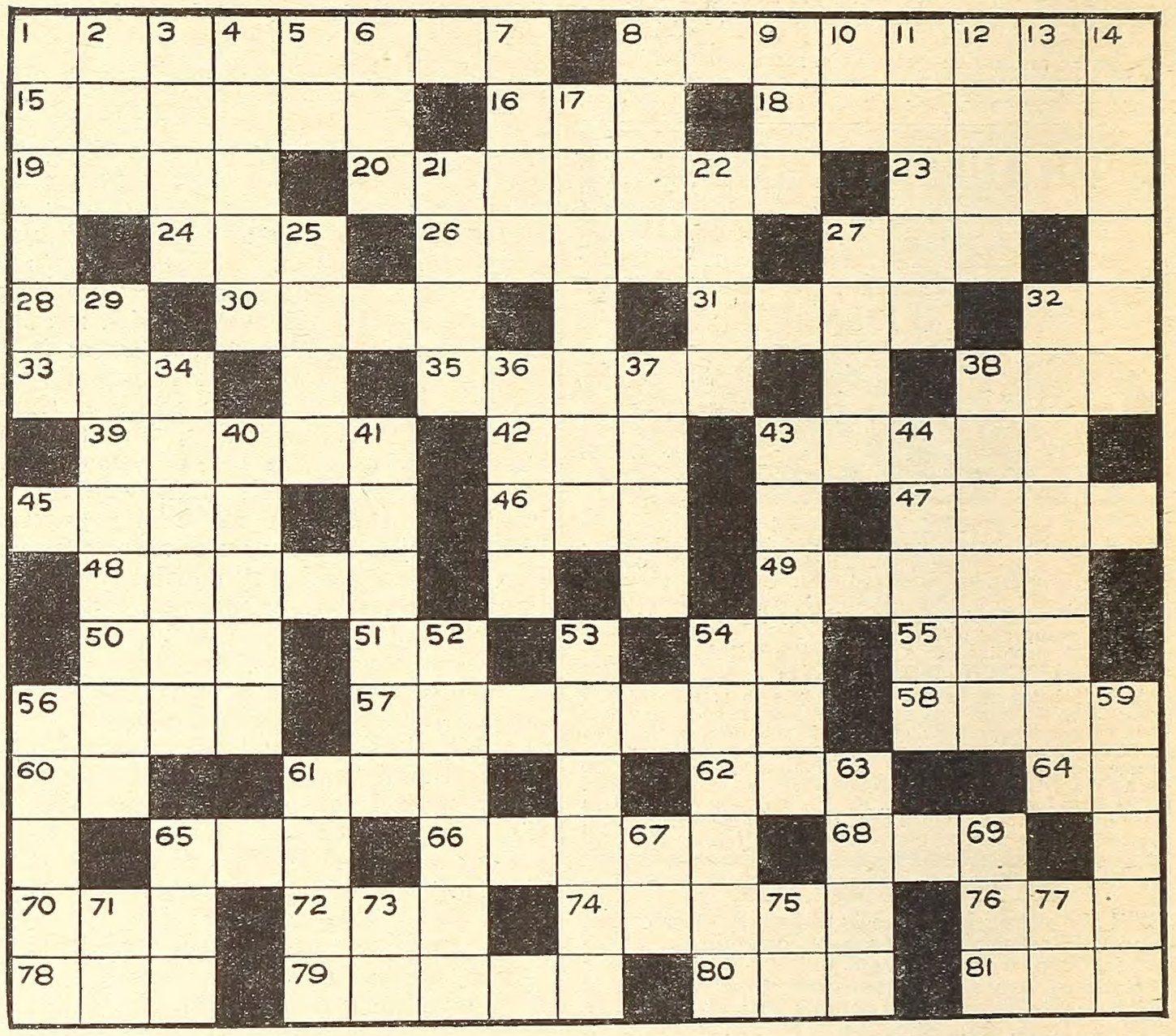
The staff thanks you. That makes the next one a Thanksgiving issue.

Elliott Keen

EDITOR.

A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert



ACROSS

1-8 Leading players in "Angel"
15 Dancer in "Border Cafe"
16 Past
18 In "It's Love I'm After"
19 A blood vessel
20 Remarkable
23 To judge
24 Beverage
26 Concise
27 Personal pronoun
28 Speech of hesitancy
30 Fat
31 Large bodies of water
32 Measure of weight (abbr.)
33 To scatter
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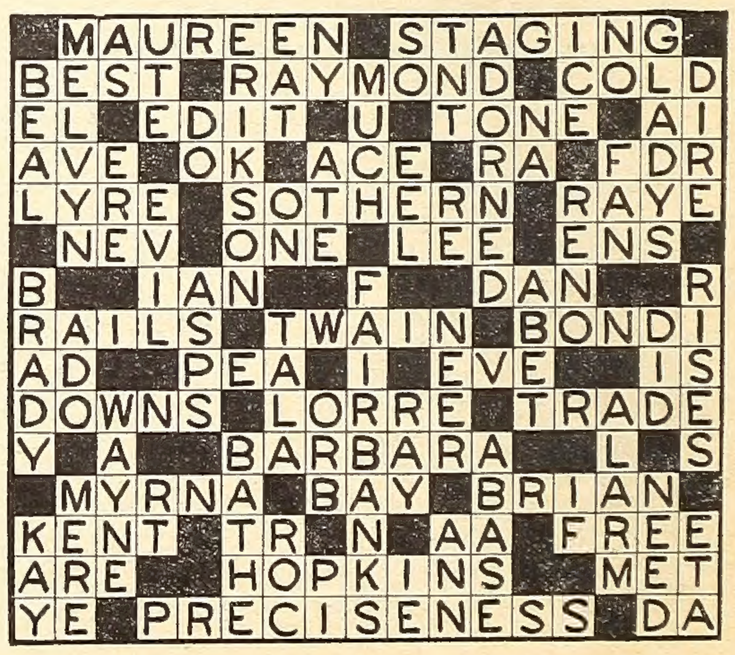
38 Woman's patriotic organization (abbr.)
39 Map
42 A single unit
43 The phony prince in "Cafe Metropole"
45 Famous Chinese detective
46 Masculine first name (abbr.)
47 Performs
48 Select body
49 Turn around rapidly
50 Permit
51 Southern state (abbr.)
54 General encampment (abbr.)
55 In "Tomorrow's Headlines"
56 Bone of the forearm
57 Including all
58 Places
60 Point of compass
61 No longer an amateur (slang)
62 Aged
64 Symbol for titanium
65 Mrs. Joel McCrea
66 More learned
68 Nellie in "The Good Old Soak"
70 Definite article
72 Constellation
74 The librarian in "Navy Blues"
76 Japanese statesman
78 Period of time
79 To lay again
80 She's married to Werner Janssen
81 Human being

DOWN

1 The secretary in "Ever since Eve"
2 Anger
3 To send forth
4 Prongs
5 Thoroughfare (abbr.)
6 In "Confession"
7 Dislike intensely
8 Crowds
9 Female of the deer
10 South latitude (abbr.)
11 Skins
12 Affirm
13 Untruth
14 Lovely newcomer in "High, Wide and Handsome"
17 She sings in "Broadway Melody of 1938"
21 In "They Won't Forget"
22 Smaller quantity
25 A most entertaining film comedian
27 Circle around the sun
29 In "Born Reckless"
32 Paralysis victim in "Let Them Live"
34 With Gloria Stuart in "Escape from Love"
36 Bard
37 Dissolute
38 A formal order
40 The captain's charming daughter in "The Go-Getter"
41 In "Time Out for Romance"
43 Co-starred again with Myrna Loy in "Double Wedding"
44 Laments
52 Open declaration
53 King of Crooners
54 Delightful heroine in "Escape from Love"
56 Combine
59 Diane in "Seventh Heaven"
61 Juicy, eatable fruit
63 In "We Have Our Moments"
65 Lair
67 Suffix
69 Endeavor
71 Interjection
73 Regarding
75 Indefinite article
77 Symbol for tantalum

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



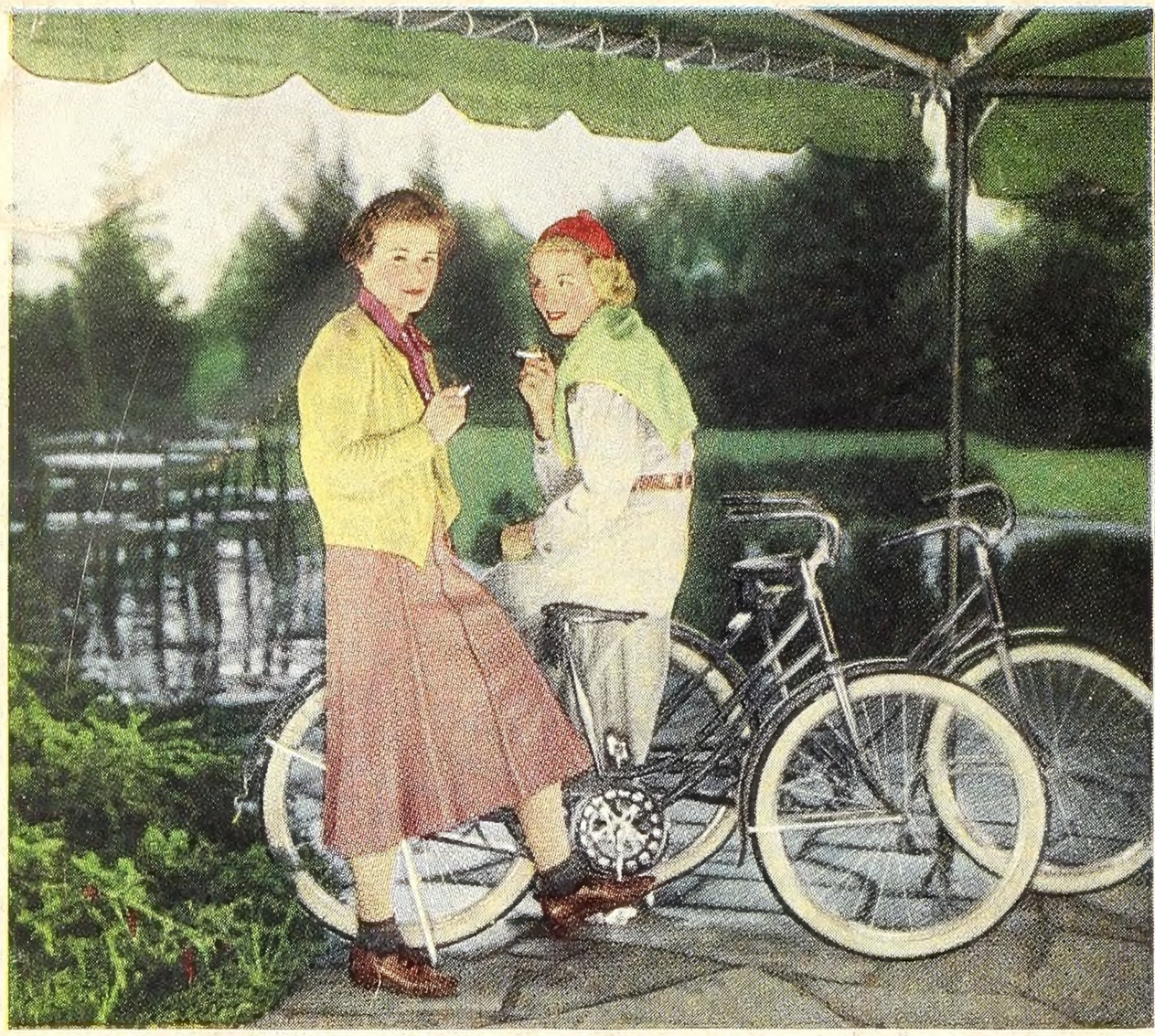
THE CUNEO PRESS, INC., U. S. A.

Complexions with GLAMOUR need this Special care

MANY a happy girl is following lovely Janet Gaynor's advice! "I use cosmetics," she tells you. "But I remove them *thoroughly* with Lux Toilet Soap. I never take chances with Cosmetic Skin!"

Foolish to risk this danger—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores. Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather removes the dust, dirt, stale cosmetics that might otherwise remain to *choke the pores*. Before you renew make-up, ALWAYS before you go to bed—use this gentle care.

REMEMBER, 9 OUT OF 10 SCREEN STARS USE THIS SOAP



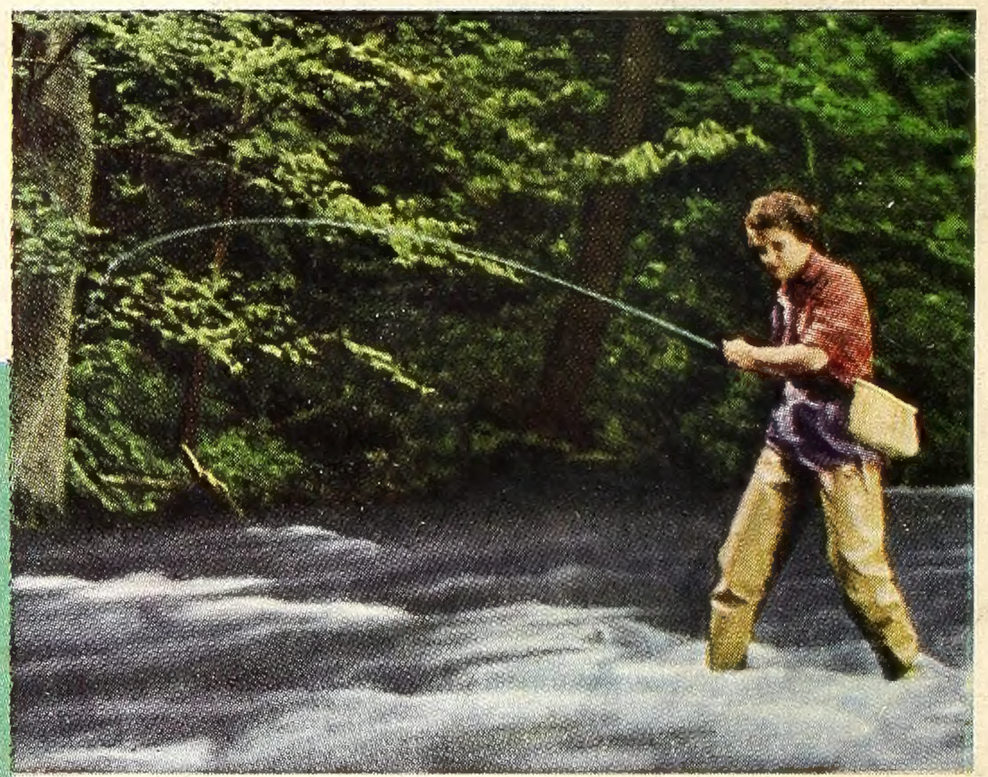
CYCLING is a favorite sport of Miss Wendy Morgan (*left, above*) debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Fellowes Morgan, Jr. Following her bow to society at the Hotel Pierre, Miss Morgan cycle-toured in Ireland and the Tyrol. After a spin, Miss Morgan admits that "cycling does take it out of you ...but Camels give my energy a cheering lift!"

IN THE STATES, Miss Morgan enjoys sports, mural painting, and an interesting social life. "You'd think," she once remarked, "that such a busy life would tell on my digestion. Not a bit! For one thing, I smoke Camels with my meals. And Camels help digestion!"

TYPICAL OF THE YOUNGER SET WHO GO IN FOR VIGOROUS OUTDOOR SPORTS

MISS WENDY MORGAN

OF NEW YORK



BADMINTON, riding, sailing—Miss Morgan enjoys them all! And whatever the sport, Camels keep her company. "I'd feel lost," she says, "if I didn't have Camels along. Their delicate flavor never tires my taste."

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS . . . Turkish and Domestic . . . than any other popular brand. Smoking Camels at mealtime does much to help digestion.

CANADA to Wendy Morgan means "good trout fishing"—at Murray Bay or the Morgan island in the St. Lawrence. Expert in casting, she says: "I don't want to do anything that would be hard on the nerves. I smoke Camels. They're mild. They *never* jangle my nerves."

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Other women prominent in society who also prefer Camel's mild, delicate flavor

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